This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

US
13189
78.65

OLD SOUTH CHURCH BOSTON

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

1884

Digitized by Google

US 13189.76.65

The Gift of
Hamilton A. Hill,
of Boston.
25 April, 1885.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

OLD SOUTH CHURCH

BOSTON

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

OCTOBER, 1884

Digitized by Google

PRESS OF DAVID CLAPP & SON.

Digitized by Google

OLD SOUTH CHURCH

(THIRD CHURCH)

BOSTON,

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

SUNDAY EVENING

OCTOBER 26, 1884

BOSTON
CUPPLES, UPHAM & CO
283 Washington Street
1885

Digitized by Google

~~H. 3235~~
U.S.13189.78.65

1885. April 25,
Gift of
Winston A. Reed,
of Boston.

"THEREFORE ARE THEY BEFORE THE THRONE OF GOD AND SERVE HIM DAY AND NIGHT IN HIS TEMPLE."

Digitized by Google

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES.

INTRODUCTION.

When the Old South Church removed from the site on the corner of Washington and Milk Streets, where its home had been for more than two centuries, to its present abode on Boylston and Dartmouth Streets, it brought with it its records and registers; it brought, also, the memories and traditions which had descended to it from seven generations of Christian worshippers;—in a word, its history. This history—written and unwritten—it highly values, and desires, in every way, to preserve.

Something has been attempted in the way of publication, and it is proposed to do more, from time to time, in this direction. Taking advantage of the closing of its meeting-house last summer for alterations and repairs, the Society erected therein four memorial tablets, inscribed with some of the names most conspicuous in its annals. Two of these tablets have been placed on the south wall of the nave; they are of red marble, polished, enclosed

Digitized by Google

by moulded arches of Caen stone, carried on columns of Mexican onyx, and surmounted by gables with pinnacles; they bear the names of the ministers who, in long succession, filled the pastorate from 1670 to 1882, with the dates of installation, resignation and death. The other two are placed on the rear or west wall, on either side of the stone screen; they are of red slate, of triangular form, with decorative frames of cast brass, and they commemorate two distinguished laymen, Samuel Sewall and Samuel Adams, with the following inscriptions:

SAMUEL SEWALL
COUNCILLOR
JUDGE
CHIEF JUSTICE
FOR FIFTY THREE YEARS A MEMBER
OF THIS CHURCH
BORN MARCH 28, 1652
DIED JANUARY 1, 1730

SAMUEL ADAMS
A MEMBER OF THIS CHURCH
BORN SEPTEMBER 16, 1722
DIED OCTOBER 2, 1803
"TO GIVE HIS HISTORY AT FULL LENGTH
WOULD BE TO GIVE A HISTORY
OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION"

The Society had long had in its possession some old tombstones, probably from the Old, or King's Chapel,

Digitized by Google

Burying Ground, but under what circumstances they came to it, or when, no one knows. In the autumn of 1850, as the workmen who were engaged in repairing the old meeting-house on Washington Street, were removing some bricks in the tower, they found it necessary to take out a flat stone over the place in the wall through which passed the connecting rod of the hands on the north dial of the clock. This stone proved to be a gravestone, bearing the name of Joshua Scottow, one of the founders of the Third, or Old South Church, who died in 1698. "How the stone came to be in so singular a place," says one of the daily papers of the time, "and at such an elevation, is unknown. Only the edge of it was visible in the wall. It was in the tower, back of the north dial, some fifty feet from the ground."

Two other stones were discovered at the same time, one in memory of Anna Quincy, who died in 1676, the other, of William Middleton, who died in 1699.

The gravestone of another of the original members of the Third Church, John Alden, was recently found to be at Randolph. It had been given to Ebenezer Alden, M.D., of that town, by Dr. Shurtleff, and Dr. Alden's heirs kindly presented it to the Old South Church and Society, to be used for memorial purposes. At a parish meeting last spring, it was determined to place the stones of the two founders, Joshua Scottow and John Alden, and of Anna Quincy, many of whose near relatives were members of the Church, in the portico of the meeting-house on Boylston Street, and this has now been done. These stones are of Welsh slate, and are quaintly carved; they

Digitized by Google

were evidently imported ready for use, and they bear the following inscriptions:

HERE LYETH BURIED
E
Y BODY OF
JOSHUA SCOTTOW
AGED 83 YEARS
D E
DEC JANUARY Y
20 $169\frac{7}{8}$

HERE LYETH
E
Y BODY OF
R
JOHN ALDEN SENIO
AGED 75 YEARS
DECEASED MARCH
$170\frac{I}{2}$

ANN QUINSEY
AGED 13 YEARS
D R E
DEC SEP Y 3
1676

Captain Alden, when he died, had a son John who was then about forty years of age.

The stone of William Middleton, whose name cannot be traced in connection with the history of the Church, has been sent as a loan to the valuable collection of the Bostonian Society in the Old State House.

On the evening of Sunday, the 26th of October, special services were held at the Old South, in memory of the men for whom the tablets had been erected, and of those whose gravestones were to be placed in position for permanent care. These stones were on the table in front of the pulpit, dressed with smilax and a few flowers. The services were conducted by the pastor, the Rev. George

Digitized by Google

A. Gordon, who, after the singing of an anthem by the choir, read part of the seventh chapter of the Book of Revelation. Prayer was offered by the Rev. Edmund K. Alden, D.D., and the congregation united with the choir in singing Dr. Bacon's hymn:

> "O God, beneath Thy guiding hand,
> Our exiled fathers crossed the sea;
> And when they trod the wintry strand,
> With prayer and psalm they worshipped Thee."

Addresses were then made by Mr. Hamilton A. Hill on "Joshua Scottow and John Alden," and by the Rev. Dr. George E. Ellis on "Samuel Sewall," after which the choir and congregation sang Bishop Coxe's hymn:

> "Oh, where are kings and empires now
> Of old that went and came?
> But, Lord, Thy church is praying yet,
> A thousand years the same."

The Rev. Edward G. Porter, of Lexington, made an address on "Samuel Adams," and the Rev. Dr. Increase N. Tarbox, of West Newton, on "The Ministers of the Old South, from 1670 to 1882." A part of Charles Wesley's hymn, "Let saints below in concert sing," was sung, and the benediction was pronounced by the Rev. Dr. Tarbox.

In the following pages, the addresses are printed in full; there was not time at the memorial service for the speakers to read all that they had prepared for the occasion.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

JOSHUA SCOTTOW AND JOHN ALDEN

BY

HAMILTON ANDREWS HILL, A.M.

Digitized by Google

"THESE ARE THEY WHOSE HEARTS WERE RIVEN,
SORE WITH WOE AND ANGUISH TRIED,
WHO IN PRAYER FULL OFT HAVE STRIVEN
WITH THE GOD THEY GLORIFIED:
NOW THEIR PAINFUL CONFLICT O'ER,
GOD HAS BID THEM WEEP NO MORE."

Digitized by Google

JOSHUA SCOTTOW AND JOHN ALDEN.

We are assembled, Christian friends, this evening, to consecrate with appropriate services some carefully-wrought memorials recently placed upon the walls of this house of worship, which bear the names of the reverend men who, in the past, have taught and labored as the ministers of the Old South or Third Church, and of two of the most distinguished of its lay members. We are come together, also, to dedicate anew certain stones, rude and fragmentary, reared by a generation itself long since passed away, which were intended to mark the last resting place of two of the founders of the Third Church, and of another who, by family ties, was closely connected with it. These stones, wonderfully preserved amid the mutations and decay of an hundred and eighty or two hundred years, have, by a strange concurrence of events, come into our possession, and Providence seems to have laid it upon us as a sacred duty to provide for their further preservation and to hand them safely down to those who are to come after us. Not, indeed, that they can ever again designate the graves which they once marked, for all traces of these graves have been irretrievably lost; but in their new position they may help to commemorate to this and succeeding generations, the devout character and Christian service of those whose names they bear.

It is recorded of the kindly old enthusiast who renewed with his chisel the half-defaced inscriptions on the tombstones of the Scotch covenanters, that to talk of the exploits of these men

Digitized by Google

was the delight, as to repair their monuments was the business of his life. And we are told, also, that while he was renewing the crumbling emblems of the zeal and sufferings of the fathers, he considered that he was thereby trimming the beacon light which was to warn future generations to defend their religion even unto blood. In the same spirit, while we would piously care for the venerable stones which have descended to us from an early Puritan age, we would endeavor by means of them to recall the virtue, the constancy, the self-denial and the suffering which made the Puritan era so memorable, and to learn anew the lessons which with such solemn and tender emphasis they seem designed to teach.

The oldest of the three stones which are to be placed in position in the portico of this meeting-house, bears the name of Ann Quincy, who died September 3, 1676, at the age of thirteen years.[1] Ann or Anna Quincy was a daughter of Edmund Quincy, third of the name, and of his wife Joanna (Hoar) Quincy, of Braintree. She was a niece by marriage of John Hull, one of the founders of this Church (whose wife was Judith Quincy), and a cousin, consequently, of his daughter Hannah, the wife of Samuel Sewall. Her uncle, Dr. Leonard Hoar, was called to the pastorate here in 1672, as associate with the Rev. Thomas Thacher, but the Church relinquished any claim it might have upon him in favor of Harvard College, of which, much to his own sorrow, he was chosen President. Her eldest brother, Daniel Quincy, joined the Third Church in 1688, and died two years later in early manhood. Through her youngest brother, Edmund, fourth of the name, born after her death, she was to be still further connected with this Church, for Elizabeth, a granddaughter of this Edmund, became the wife of Samuel Sewall, who was one of its deacons from 1763 to 1771, and his grandson, Josiah Quincy, Junior, one of the leading patriots of the early revolutionary period, married Abigail Phillips, a child of this

[1] Her sister, Mary Savage, died a few weeks later, October 7, 1676. She was the first wife of Ephraim Savage who joined the Third Church in 1672, but we do not find her name on the list of members.

Digitized by Google

Church, being a daughter of the first William Phillips, deacon from 1764 to 1793.

Anna Quincy was staying at the house of her uncle, John Hull, on Cotton Hill, in Boston, and on the evening of Wednesday, August 30, 1676, she was present at a prayer meeting there convened. Samuel Sewall was living with his father-in-law, having been married a few months previously. This prayer and conference meeting was the first he had ever attended, and he has left us an account of it. Emaus Smith was the principal speaker, and the passage of scripture commented upon was the ninth verse of the 119th Psalm, "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy word." The room seems to have been crowded, and, says Sewall, Anna Quincy stood "against the closet door next the entry." The next day, Thursday, she was attacked by fever, and her symptoms were so alarming that some of her friends at once began to fear the worst. Providentially, her mother was with her. On the morning of Sunday the physician said that she was not dangerously ill, but at ten o'clock she died. Her funeral was on Monday, and, according to the custom of the time, four youths, some if not all of whom were members of this congregation, served as bearers. Their names were Henry Phillips, Timothy Dwight, Joseph Tappan and John Alcock. Where she was buried is not quite clear. The South, afterward called the Granary Burying Ground, had been laid out, and her brother, Daniel Quincy, was buried there, in John Hull's tomb, in 1690. We are inclined to think that she was buried in the Old or King's Chapel Burying Ground.

We have told all there is to tell of this dear child. We get one glimpse of her, as she stands against the wall in that neighborhood prayer meeting; and, five days later, we see a mournful procession moving towards one of the graveyards in what we now know as Tremont Street. May not our faith follow her within the veil, and see her there,

> ——"a fair maiden in her Father's mansion,
> Clothed with celestial grace,
> And beautiful with all the soul's expansion"?

Digitized by Google

The next tombstone which claims our interest to-night is that of a man who was prominent in the commercial, social and religious life of the town of Boston for more than half a century. Judge Sewall records in his diary, January 21, 1697–98: "It seems Capt. Scottow died the last night. Thus the New England men drop away."

Joshua Scottow was born in England, probably in the county of Norfolk, in 1614 or 1615. Scothowe signifies "the lot or portion on the hill," and this describes the little Norfolk village which, six or seven hundred years ago, gave its name to the family of de Scothowes, who were the lords of the manor there and the patrons of the living.[1] At the beginning of the seventeenth century we find the name in English records spelt Scottowe.[2] Thomasine Scottow, a widow, arrived in Boston soon after the settlement of the town, bringing with her two sons, Thomas and Joshua. She joined the First Church, September 21, 1634, and her sons, May 19, 1639. Joshua is supposed to have been the younger of the two. He must have received a good education in England; he became a merchant, and was very soon a man of influence in the town and colony. In 1639, he was one of the signers of a paper, strongly recommending the First Church to place the new meeting-house which it was then proposing to build, upon Governor Winthrop's property on Washington Street, the site chosen for the Third Church thirty years later. He married, probably, in 1640.[3] He joined the Artillery Company in 1645, and

[1] Scothowe, as the Register of Holm Abbey informs us, before the Confessor's time, belonged to Ulfwin or Alfwin, a Saxon nobleman, who gave it to that abbey, where it remained at the Confessor's survey, and was one of the manors appropriated for the monks' maintenance.

In 1120 there was a Jeffry de Scothowe, who had two brothers, Peter, who died without issue, and Richard, who was lord of the manor and joint patron of the living; his eldest son, Ralf de Scothowe, died issueless, and Peter his brother had the presentation, whose son John de Scothowe, sold his share of the advowson to Bartholomew de Redham. *History of the County of Norfolk*, Vol. VI. pp. 340—341.

[2] John Brewster, son of Francis Brewster, "an active parliamentarian during the rebellion as a magistrate and deputy lieutenant," married Mary, daughter of Alderman Scottowe of Norwich, and died in 1677. An English scholar of the present day spells his name Skottowe.

[3] It is not known whom he married, and the date of his marriage is not recorded. In the town record of births, we read: 1641. "Joshua, of Joshua and Lydia Scotto, born 30th—7th month and soon after buried." This was their first child. Thomas Scottow had wife Joan, and later, wife Sarah.

Digitized by Google

was chosen its ensign in 1657; we do not understand why he was never made its captain, but he was a captain in the militia. He served as selectman, or townsman, as the records sometimes call it, for several years, he with John Hull being elected for the first time, March 9, 1657. After Philip's war he became a great proprietor at Scarborough, where he was captain of the garrison and a magistrate.[1] Here, says Sibley, his son Thomas (who graduated at Harvard College in 1677) lived for some years and held positions of responsibility, but we do not feel sure of this.[2]

Mr. Scottow had a house and garden of about half an acre on the north side of Prison Lane, now Court Street, fronting on the Scollay estate. He also owned a pasture on the northwest side of Beacon Hill, containing about four acres, thus described by Mr. Bowditch: "from Hancock Street easterly two hundred and eighty feet on Cambridge Street, or to a point fifty-two and a half feet east of Temple Street, and is in depth back, towards summit of Beacon Hill, six hundred and sixty feet, or just below the line of Derne Street."[3] In 1650, he bought a piece of land, a portion of what was known as Bellingham's Marsh, not far from Dock Square, and on one angle of this a warehouse was erected, which stood until a

[1] He took an active part in the struggles with the Indians at the eastward, and left a journal of his experiences.

[2] Mr. Sibley says that he died before 1715. Mr. Henry F. Waters has recently discovered his will in London, from which the date of his death can be determined proximately. "Thomas Scottow of Boston in New England, chirurgeon, now bound forth on a voyage to sea in the ship Gerrard of London, Captain William Dennis commander, 14 November 1698." This will, proved September 4, 1699, provides: "To my loving sister, Elizabeth Savage, of New England aforesaid, all my real and personal estate in New England, of what kind soever." Evidently he had neither wife nor child.

In 1649, Mr. Scottow gave to the Library of Harvard College "Henry Stephens, his Thesaurus, in four volumes, in folio," on the condition that whenever he might have occasion to use the work, he should have access to it; and on the further condition, that if he should be blessed "with any child or children, that shall be students of the Greek tongue," the said books should be given to them upon their making demand for them. They were returned to Mr. Scottow on the demand of his son Thomas, during the presidency of Mr. Oakes, 1679–1681. The receipt for them bears date August 30, with no year specified. See Quincy's *History of Harvard University*, Vol. I. p. 512.

[3] William Dawes, another of the founders of the Third Church, when he moved from Braintree to Boston, bought an estate on the east side of Sudbury Street, then known as the lane from Prison Lane to the Mill Pond. Part of this estate, Joshua Scottow afterward bought for his son-in-law, Thomas Savage.

Digitized by Google

few years ago as one of the ancient landmarks of Boston,—the old triangular warehouse, so called. In the same neighborhood, near the junction of Elm and Union Streets, James Everill, Joshua Scottow and others had been authorized to build a conduit, which, says Dr. Shurtleff, if the early constructed wells are excepted, may be justly said to have been the first attempt toward introducing water works in the town.

Mr. Scottow was evidently a man of energy and public spirit; his name appears constantly in the early records, and yet we have very scant material out of which to weave a narrative of his life.[1] He was intelligent, and had positive convictions on the various questions and events of the time; and we judge that he was independent and uncompromising in saying what he thought. In one instance he found himself in somewhat perilous circumstances, in consequence of his outspoken indignation against what he conceived to be a public wrong, and he felt obliged to make a retractation in terms which seem altogether inconsistent with his general character, and which in reviewing his life we cannot but regret. In 1656, the third execution in Boston for witchcraft took place, the victim being Mrs. Anne Hibbins. This was nearly forty years before the terrible panic which had its centre at Salem

[1] In the year 1642, La Tour, one of the Governors of Acadia, made a proposition for free trade between his ports and those of New England, and for an arrangement by which he might receive commodities from Europe through New England. The first request, for free trade, was complied with, but the other was refused. La Tour made two or three visits to Boston, and was treated with much consideration. Scottow was one of the merchants who were interested in opening this trade, and he acted as confidential agent of La Tour in his negotiations with the colonial authorities.

But there was a wide difference of opinion in the colony, on the question of unrestricted intercourse with the French. "Governor Winthrop was on the liberal side, and subjected himself to no little censure by his friendly reception of the distinguished Roman Catholic stranger." See *Life and Letters of John Winthrop*, Vol. II. pp. 311–318.

In the winter of 1661–62, when Mr. Bradstreet and the Rev. John Norton were sailing for England as commissioners for the colony, it was necessary to raise four or five hundred pounds, and among those who advanced the money, were, Hezekiah Usher, £100., John Hull, £50., William Davis, £25., Joshua Scottow, £20., Sampson Sheaffe, £20.

When the Royal Commissioners came to Boston in 1665, to inquire, among other things, about certain breaches of the Navigation Laws charged against the merchants and authorities, one of the causes which they proposed to hear and determine, was that of Thomas Deane and others, plaintiffs, against the Governor and Company, and Joshua Scottow, merchant, defendants. But the case never came to trial.

Digitized by Google

Village, and of which we shall have occasion to speak presently. Mrs. Hibbins was the widow of a man who had been a leading merchant in Boston, and one of the most honored citizens of the colony. He had been deputy, assistant, and the agent of the colony in England. Of this poor woman it was afterward said by the Rev. John Norton, that she had been "hanged for a witch, only for having more wit than her neighbors." On the other hand, Savage writes that she was hanged for a witch when she was only a scold. According to Hutchinson, she had a bad temper, which made her turbulent and quarrelsome; this had brought her under church censure, and at length rendered her so odious to her neighbors as to cause some of them to accuse her of witchcraft. She was tried and condemned by a jury, but the verdict was set aside by the magistrates, and the case came before the General Court. She was called to appear there and to answer for her life. She defended herself to the best of her ability, but the popular clamor was more than she could resist or the court withstand[1]; she was found guilty, and sentence of death was pronounced upon her by John Endicott, Governor. It was during this second trial that Mr. Scottow interposed in contradiction to some testimony which had been given against her by one Philip Wharton,[2] and in so doing, he seems to have laid himself open to censure for contempt of court. We know nothing of the circumstances, and, indeed, little of the details of the trial, beyond what we find in the letter of apology which he thought it necessary to write on the following day, and which is still preserved among the public archives at our State House. This letter reads as follows:—

"To the Honoured Court now assembled.

"Whereas there was yesterday by myselfe presented in court a writing which as it is or may be by any resented that thereby I intended

[1] Hubbard, in his *History of New England*, says: "*Vox populi* went sore against her, and was the chiefest part of the evidence against her, as some thought. It fared with her in some sense as it did with Joan of Arc, ... the which some counted a saint, and some a witch."

[2] A Philip Wharton died in the almshouse in Boston, December 10, 1698.

Digitized by Google

to obstruct the course of justice against Mrs. Hibbins and allso that my purpose was to cast slurr and to weaken the testimony of any which were to testify in her case, I did desire in my short speech before the presenting of the said writing to take of [off] any such apprehensions, and had I not been prevented by Phillip Wharton's testimony being called in the first place (which I expected not) I had apologized for myselfe in the said writing on that behalf. I doe humbly crave favour from this Honoured Court and assembly not soe to be understood, as far as I am privy to mine owne heart, no such thought ever being in my bosome; as for the manner of my unseasonable presenting of the said writing, I was sorry that thereby I should give occasion to any to judge of mee as above expressed, and crave it may be imputed to my ignorance in the formalities of court proceedings, but conceiving what I had to say related to Phillip Wharton's testimony did then at the end of the reading of his testimony crave favour from the court to produce what I had to say concerning his evidence, having acquainted himselfe with the buysiness formerly: As for the apprehension of any that it might be a plotted buysiness between some and myselfe, that it should be soe ordered that Phillip Wharton's testimony should bee first produced and my writing soe to follow to the attayning of the evill ends above mentioned, I should humbly beg further favour, and doe hereby solemnly and seriously professe and protest, that I never communicated with any person whatsoever about the said writing, nor that I did ever discourse with Mrs. Hibbins or any other about the premises except the Secretary after the lecture yesterday was ended, immediately upon the sitting of the court and my writing being ended, only telling him I had something to say about Phillip Wharton's testimony. I am cordially sorry that anything from mee eyther by word or writing should any way tend to the hardening of Mrs. Hibbins in her sinfull and abominable courses, or that I should give offence to the Honoured Court, my deare brethren in the church, or any others, thus craving a candide interpretation of these my present or former words, and begging of God that the sword of justice may be drawne forth against all wickedness, which is the request of Your ever obliged,

JOSH: SCOTTOW.

BOSTON this 7 (1) 1655-56."

Only under an absolute reign of terror, could a man of Mr. Scottow's position and influence have felt it necessary to apologize in phrases so abject, to save himself from condemnation and disgrace. Mrs. Hibbins is believed to have had the sympathy of the honored ministers of the First Church, Mr.

Digitized by Google

Wilson and Mr. Norton; but they could not save her life. She was executed, June 19, 1656. The persons named in her will, to administer upon her estate, were Thomas Clarke, Edward Hutchinson, William Hudson, Joshua Scottow and Peter Oliver.

In 1669, Mr. Scottow, with John Hull, Hezekiah Usher, Thomas Savage, Edward Rawson, Peter Oliver, John Alden and others, seceded from the First Church and founded the Third or South Church. They had been opposed to the call of the Rev. John Davenport of New Haven, to the pastorate made vacant by the death of Mr. Wilson, and they had been dissatisfied, still more, with the methods employed to bring him to Boston. They determined, therefore, to organize a new church, for which, indeed, there was ample room in the growing town. They were thwarted in every possible way by the majority led by Governor Bellingham, and years passed before they were recognized by their brethren from whose fellowship they had felt it to be their duty to withdraw. We do not propose to go into the history of this old controversy on this occasion, further than to illustrate the force of character displayed by the men of the minority. They had to meet opposition and to suffer reproach for what they believed to be the truth. The question of the baptismal, or half-way covenant, lay at the root of the difficulty, but the issue came to involve the rights of the individual and the rights of a minority in the administration of church affairs. It required some courage to be a friend, and much more to be a member, of the South Church in those days. Failing, first, to prevent the formation and recognition of the church, and then, to create a panic among the ministers and churches outside Boston, the ultra conservative party carried the quarrel to the General Court. Here, a committee on the state of the colony was induced to prepare a report, which was adopted, charging the South Church and the ministers and churches who stood by it, with being the occasion of all the calamities, temporal and spiritual, with which Massachusetts was threatened. One paragraph will show the temper of this report.

Digitized by Google

"Declension from the primitive foundation work; innovation in doctrine and worship, opinion and practice; an invasion of the rights, liberties and privileges of churches; an usurpation of a lordly prelatical power over God's heritage; a subversion of gospel order; and all this with a dangerous tendency to the utter devastation of these churches; turning the pleasant gardens of Christ into a wilderness; and the inevitable and total extirpation of the principles and pillars of the congregational way; these are the leaven, the corrupting gangrene, the infecting, spreading plague, the provoking image of jealousy set up before the Lord, the accursed thing, which hath provoked the divine wrath, and doth furthur threaten destruction."[1]

In other words, a company of Christian men had organized a church in accordance with their own convictions of duty.

But Joshua Scottow, Edward Rawson and their associates proved themselves equal to the emergency. The next election was made to turn on the question of friendship for the new church, or opposition to it; the men who had voted for the obnoxious report, for the most part, lost their seats; and, at the next session of the Court, a new report was adopted, reversing, in effect, the judgment of the preceding year.

Mr. Scottow was one of the trustees to whom Mrs. Norton made her conveyances of land for the new meeting-house, the first in 1669, the second in 1677, and, no doubt, he contributed his share towards the erection of the building. He served with Samuel Sewall, John Joyliffe and others, as an overseer of seats, and he assisted in sustaining the neighborhood prayer meeting of which we have spoken, and which met from house to house. He seems to have been on intimate terms with Judge Sewall, who was his near neighbor on Cotton Hill, and in full sympathy with him in his prayers and labors in behalf of this church.

As Mr. Scottow advanced in age, he lost the buoyancy, the

[1] Mr. Oakes, of Cambridge, in his election sermon in 1673, after quoting the above paragraph, well says: "I need give you no other instance of this evil spirit of jealousy and calumny than this. Here is good measure, pressed down, shaken together and running over." He goes on to rebuke in severe terms the men who are "wont to make and improve false alarms of danger, that people may believe that religion and liberties are at the stake, and in danger to be lost." "These calumnies," he adds, "are immoralities and scandalous evils, and it is the duty of God's servants to lift up their voice as a trumpet, to cry aloud and not spare them that are guilty, whatever the issue be."

Digitized by Google

energy and the elasticity of his earlier and mature years; his contemporaries were passing away, and he found himself out of sympathy with the new generation of men who were taking their places. He could not appreciate them, and they could not understand him. It was not uncommon for Puritan leaders, clergymen as well as laymen, to mourn over what they called the degeneracy of the times; but they had this for their justification as compared with the religious pessimists of this day, that they had set before themselves and their generation so high a standard,—so sublime a model,—for social life and for government, that it could hardly be reached, much less permanently realized. William Stoughton thus lamented, in an election sermon preached in 1668: "God sifted a whole nation that he might send choice grain over into this wilderness. Alas! how is New England in danger this day to be lost even in New England! to be buried in its own ruins! How is the good grain diminished and the chaff increased!" Thomas Walley, of Barnstable, that "blessed son of peace," uttered a similar lamentation in an election sermon at Plymouth in 1669: "How is New England fallen! The land that was a land of Holiness, hath lost her Holiness."

In 1691, Mr. Scottow issued a pamphlet of 26 pp., with the following quaint title: "Old Men's Tears for their Own Declensions, mingled with Fears of their and posterities further falling off from New England's Primitive Constitution. Published by some of Boston's old Planters and some other." This publication is a lamentation over the state of the country, and evidently it represented the opinions of other old men besides Mr. Scottow who was responsible for it. The writer imagined that the prevalence of sin had called down the vengeance of heaven upon the land, which was shown in many instances of punishment, as "strange diseases, not suited formerly to the pure and serene air of our climate (whither strangers were wont to have recourse to recover their desired health). Not only with the infectious small-pox have we laboured under, but with burning and spotted fevers," etc. The Indian war and the ill-success of the great expedition

Digitized by Google

against Canada in the preceding year, were marks of divine displeasure. "Hath he not himself fought against us, by the stars in their courses, and his anger smoked against our prayers; raising snow and vapour, and his cold (which no man can abide) with the stormy wind fulfilling his word, to the impeding and disappointment of our naval military design, and disinabling our fleet."

The author of the pamphlet thus witnesses against the degeneracy of the times: "Our spot is not the spot of God's children; the old puritan garb, and gravity of heart, and habit lost and ridiculed into strange and fantastic fashions and attire, ... the virgins dress and matrons veil, showing their power on their heads because of the holy angels, turned into powdered foretops and top gallants attire, not becoming the Christian, but the comedian assembly, not the church but stage-play, where the devil sits regent in his dominion, as he once boasted out of the mouth of a demoniack, church member, he there took possession of, and made this response to the church, supplicating her deliverance; and as now we may and must say New England is not to be found in New England, nor Boston in Boston; it is become a lost town (as at first it was called;) we must now cry out, our leanness, our leanness, our apostacy, our apostacy, our atheism, spiritual idolatry, adultery, formality in worship, carnal and vain confidence in church privileges, forgetting of God our rock, and multitude of other abominations." [1]

Three years later, Mr. Scottow printed a larger work, with this suggestive title page: "A Narrative of the Planting of the Massachusetts Colony, Anno 1628. With the Lord's Signal Presence the First Thirty Years. Also a Caution from New England's Apostle, the Great Cotton, How to Escape the Calamity, which might Befall them or their Posterity. And Confirmed by the Evangelist Norton with Prognosticks from the Famous Dr. Owen, Concerning the Fate of these Churches, and Animadversions upon the Anger of God, in

[1] This sketch of the contents of the pamphlet is from the Second Series of the Collections of the Mass. Hist. Society, Vol. IV. pp. 102, 103.

Digitized by Google

sending of Evil Angels among us. Published by Old Planters, the Authors of the Old Mens Tears. Boston, Printed and Sold by Benjamin Harris, at the sign of the Bible over against the Blew-Anchor 1694."[1]

It appears that, as in the case of the previous publication, more than one person was concerned in the authorship. The dedication was to the venerable Simon Bradstreet, late Governor, and for many years a member of the South Church, and we make two extracts from it:

"The long Experience of your being the only Surviving Antiquary of us Nov-Angles, the Prime Secretary and Register of our civil and sacred Records, and the Bifronted Janus who saw the Closure of the Old, and the Overture of this New-Albion World."

"The Late Series of Divine Dispensations tending not only to the dissolving of the Cement, but to the subverting of the Basis of that Fabrick which the wonderful worker hath here so stupendiously erected, nor to the Cropping off their Branches; but to the Rooting up of the tender Plant, which the Heavenly Father, here so graciously hath Planted; hath put some of the Old Relict Planters, upon *smiting on our thighs*, and serious considerations of what provoking evils we have committed, and what special sins, God now would bring to our Remembrance, whereby we have so highly displeased our Benign God, and Gracious Father, thus tremenduously to treat us: the Aspect of Providence so terribly varying, from what formerly it was wont to be, puts us into an amusing amazement. And being in this perplexed Labyrinth, of Distracting thoughts of heart, there was darted into our meditations, a Caution which above Eight Septenaries of years past, came from the first Seraphical Doctor of *Boston* Church."

We could wish that there were more narration in this "Narrative." It contains general references to the early emigration and to the trials which followed,—the Indian wars, antinomianism, the quakers, the prevalence of witchcraft, etc., and the writer then relapses into the same almost broken-hearted lamentations as before. The period was indeed a trying one for New England; Cotton Mather called the years 1690 to 1700 "the woeful decade"; but, fortunately, there were younger and braver hearts to cope with the trials and to

[1] Mass. Hist. Collections, Fourth Series, Vol. IV.

Digitized by Google

overcome the difficulties. Brighter days came, although Simon Bradstreet and Joshua Scottow did not live to see and rejoice in their light.

The two friends died within less than a year of each other, Bradstreet, March 27, 1697, and Scottow, on the 21st of the January following, in the midst of a week of unusually severe wintry weather. Judge Sewall records:

"By reason of the severity of the wether, and a great Cold, I went not to the catechising Jan^{y} 18, nor to the Lecture January 20th.

"Jan^{y} 21, Sixth day, M^{r} Willard comes to visit us; though He himself also is very much indisposed by the cold: prays with us. Speaks as if heard Capt. Scottow was dead: but was not very certain. But before he went away, Jno. Roberts came to invite me to be a Bearer to-morrow. It seems Capt. Scottow died the last night. Thus the New England Men drop away.

"Seventh-day, Jan^{y} 22, 1697-8, Capt. Joshua Scottow is buried in the old burying place; Bearers, Maj^{r} Gen^{l} Winthrop, M^{r} Cook, Col. Hutchinson, Sewall, Sergeant, Walley: Extream Cold. No minister at Capt. Scottow's Funeral; nor wife nor daughter.

"Jan^{y} 23, 1697-8, Very Cold. M^{r} Fitch preacheth with us and pronounceth the blessing, M^{r} Willard not being there, by reason of illness: Text was, The Lord is my Shepherd &c. M^{r} Willard comes abroad in the Afternoon, and preacheth excellently; baptiseth a child and a woman. Very thin assemblies this Sabbath, and last; and great coughing: Very few women there. M^{r} Willard pray'd for mitigation of the wether: and the South Wind begins to blow with some vigor."

Mr. Scottow's age, given on his tomb-stone, was eighty-three. Several of his family were members of this Church.[1] His daughter Mary was the wife of Samuel Checkley, for many years one of its deacons, who died in 1738. Their son, the Rev. Samuel Checkley, was the first minister of the New South Church; their grandson, the Rev. Samuel Checkley,

[1] His daughters joined the Third Church in the following order: Elizabeth, wife of Thomas Savage, in 1670; Lydia, wife successively of Benjamin Gibbs, Anthony Checkley and William Colman, in 1671; Rebecca, wife of the Rev. Benjamin Blakeman, in 1680; Sarah, wife of Samuel Walker, in 1683; Mary, wife of Samuel Checkley, in 1685. All these sisters, with the exception of Lydia, and their brother, Thomas, seem to have owned the covenant in 1669; but some of them were then very young, Rebecca, seventeen years of age, Mary, thirteen, and Thomas, only ten. Lydia, Mrs. Colman, was suggested as a possible wife for Judge Sewall, when he was a widower, in 1720.

Digitized by Google

was a minister of the Second Church; and their granddaughter, Elizabeth Checkley, became the wife of Samuel Adams, the patriot, who wrote of her in the Family Bible, at the time of her death in 1757: "She ran her Christian race with a remarkable steadiness and finished it in triumph." Another granddaughter, Mary Bowles, married Benjamin Lynde, Jun., of Salem, and in this line Joshua Scottow has descendants living in Boston to-day.

Sewall records the death of Mrs. Scottow in May, 1707, at the age of eighty-six. The bearers at her funeral were Samuel Sewall, Isaac Addington, James Hill, Nathaniel Williams, John Ballentine and John Coney.

There is another founder of this church, to whom it is our privilege this evening to pay our tribute of respectful and grateful remembrance,—John Alden, whose tombstone has been given to us by representatives of the Alden name and lineage in this generation.

John Alden was the eldest son of John Alden and his wife Priscilla Mullens, who came over in the "Mayflower" in 1620. Through his parentage he connects this Church indirectly with the Plymouth Pilgrims, but it has a closer and direct connection with them; for in 1671, Mary Chilton, one of their number, with her husband, John Winslow, moved from Plymouth to Boston, and joined its membership by a letter of dismission and recommendation still preserved on our files. John Alden, the second, was born at Plymouth in 1626 or 1627, afterward lived in Duxbury, was admitted freeman in 1646, and came to Boston in 1659. He lived here on a passage leading from Cambridge Street to Sudbury Street, from him called Alden's Lane, until 1846, when, Drake says, it was dignified with the name of Alden Street. He was a mariner, "a man of sound judgment, active business habits and unexceptionable moral character." He united with the brethren of the First Church who were opposed to the coming of Mr. Davenport, in the organization of the Third Church, but he sailed for England late in the year 1669, in command of a

Digitized by Google

vessel belonging to John Hull,[1] and was absent from home for more than a year, so that he was spared much of the anxiety and annoyance to which the other members were subjected at that period. He afterward commanded for many years the armed vessel belonging to the colony, which supplied the forts to the eastward with provisions and stores. He saw service in the French and Indian wars; in 1690 he was appointed to treat with the Indians at Sagadahock, and was successful in his negotiations. He had accumulated a good property, and had attained an honorable age, when, for some unexplained reason, in the midst of the witchcraft madness in 1692, he was accused, arrested and imprisoned, as being in league with the evil one. He had lived in Boston for more than thirty years, and had maintained an unblemished reputation as a Christian man and as a citizen, but all this availed nothing. When the venerable widow of the Rev. Thomas Thacher, the first minister of this Church, was suspected as a witch, no one was safe. Captain Alden is the only one among those accused, who has left a written statement of his arrest, examination and subsequent experiences, and we give this entire.

"John Alden Sr. of Boston, in the county of Suffolk, mariner, on the twenty-eighth day of May, 1692, was sent for by the magistrates of Salem, in the county of Essex, upon the accusation of a company of poor distracted or possessed creatures or witches; and being sent by Mr. Stoughton, arrived there on the 31st of May, and appeared at Salem Village, before Mr. Gedney, Mr. Hathorne and Mr. Corwin.

"Those wenches being present who played their juggling tricks, falling down, crying out, and staring in people's faces, the magistrates demanded of them several times, who it was, of all the people in the room, that hurt them. One of these accusers pointed several times at one Captain Hill, there present, but spake nothing. The same accuser

[1] John Hull refers to some of Alden's voyages in his Diary:

"1669. 11th month. Master John Alden went for England, in the Ketch "Friendship," being three-fourths mine; came well to West Chester; and, through Mr. Alden's desire to expedite, he dealt with a man wanting honesty, who hindered him much time, and lost me much estate,—near five hundred pounds damage and loss to me, the Bermuda Company seizing that sort of tobacco. The vessel returned not home until May, 1671."

"1672. Also I lost my Ketch, three-fourths, with her lading, from Virginia, taken by the Dutch from John Alden, worth about two hundred pounds."

Digitized by Google

had a man standing at her back to hold her up. He stooped down to her ear: then she cried out, 'Alden, Alden afflicted her.' One of the magistrates asked her if she had ever seen Alden. She answered, 'No.' He asked her how she knew it was Alden. She said the man told her so.

"Then all were ordered to go down in the street, where a ring was made; and the same accuser cried out, 'There stands Alden, a bold fellow, with his hat on before the judges: he sells powder and shot to the Indians and French . . . . . .' Then was Alden committed to the marshal's custody, and his sword taken from him; for they said he afflicted them with his sword. After some hours, Alden was sent for to the meeting-house in the Village, before the magistrates, who required Alden to stand upon a chair, to the open view of all the people.

"The accusers cried out that Alden pinched them then, when he stood upon the chair, in the sight of all the people, a good way distant from them. One of the magistrates bid the marshal to hold open Alden's hands, that he might not pinch those creatures. Alden asked them why they should think that he should come to that village to afflict those persons that he never knew or saw before. Mr. Gedney bid Alden to confess, and give glory to God. Alden said he hoped he should give glory to God, and hoped he should never gratify the Devil: but appealed to all that ever knew him, if they ever suspected him to be such a person; and challenged any one that could bring in any thing on their own knowledge, that might give suspicion of his being such an one. Mr. Gedney said he had known Alden many years, and had been at sea with him, and always looked upon him to be an honest man; but now he saw cause to alter his judgment. Alden answered, he was sorry for that, but he hoped God would clear up his innocency, that he would recall that judgment again; and added, that he hoped that he should, with Job, maintain his integrity till he died. They bid Alden look upon the accusers, which he did, and then they fell down. Alden asked Mr. Gedney what reason there could be given why Alden's looking upon *him* did not strike *him* down as well; but no reason was given that I heard. But the accusers were brought to Alden to touch them; and this touch, they said, made them well. Alden began to speak of the Providence of God in suffering these creatures to accuse innocent persons. Mr. Noyes asked Alden why he should offer to speak of the Providence of God: God, by his Providence (said Mr. Noyes), governs the world, and keeps it in peace; and so went on with discourse, and stopped Alden's mouth as to that. Alden told Mr. Gedney that he could assure him that there was a lying spirit in them; for I can assure you that there is not a word of truth in all these say of me. But Alden was again committed to the marshal, and his *mittimus* written.

Digitized by Google

"To Boston Alden was carried by a constable: no bail would be taken for him, but was delivered to the prison-keeper, where he remained fifteen weeks; and then, observing the manner of trials, and evidence then taken, was at length prevailed with to make his escape.

Per JOHN ALDEN."

The *mittimus* was signed by John Hathorn and Jonathan Corwin, and Alden was, as he says, taken in charge by a constable, carried to Boston and lodged in jail, where he remained for fifteen weeks. He "made his escape about the middle of September, at the bloodyest crisis of the tragedy, and just before the execution of nine of the victims, including that of Giles Corey. He is understood to have fled to Duxbury, where his relatives secreted him. He made his appearance among them late at night, and on their asking an explanation of his unexpected visit at that hour, replied that he was flying from the devil, and the devil was after him. After awhile, when the delusion had abated, and people were coming to their senses, he delivered himself up, and was bound over to the Superior Court at Boston, the last Tuesday in April, 1693, when, no one appearing to prosecute, he, with some hundred and fifty others, was discharged by proclamation, and all judicial proceedings were brought to a close. It is to be feared that ever after, to his dying day, when the subject of his experience on the 31st of May, 1692, was referred to, the old sailor indulged in rather strong expressions."[1]

While he was lying in prison, a prayer meeting was held at his house, of which Sewall has left us an account. The ministers of the First and Second Churches, and his own pastor, Mr. Willard, offered prayer for him and his family, as did also his brethren Joshua Scottow and James Hill. Judge Sewall, who, happily, was not called to sit in judgment in the case of his fellow church-member, read a sermon on the all-sufficiency of God. The occasion must have been a solemn one. These good men were baffled and awe-stricken by the manifestations on every hand, of what they believed to be

[1] Upham's *History of Witchcraft*, Vol. II. p. 246.

Digitized by Google

diabolical agency. To them, witchcraft was a very real, and therefore a very terrible thing.

After the dark cloud had passed away, Judge Sewall, in the largeness and tenderness of his heart, called on the household with whom he had prayed in the hour of their adversity, to congratulate them on the issue. He says in his journal: "June 12, 1693. I visit Capt. Alden and his wife, and tell them I was sorry for their Sorrow and Temptations by reason of his Imprisonment, and that was glad of his Restauration."

Two or three years later, the stout hearted old captain commanded a brigantine called the "Endeavour," in an expedition on the eastern coast. His father was the last survivor of the men who signed the compact in Plymouth Harbor, and he seems to have had a similarly vigorous constitution. He survived all but three or four of the founders of this Church, and died in 1702, at the age of eighty, according to some of the genealogists, but his gravestone says seventy-five. Judge Sewall was constant in his friendship for him to the end. In his journal he says:

"Satterday March 14 1701-2 At 5 p. m. Capt. John Alden expired; Going to visit him, I happened to be there at the time."

Captain Alden was twice married. His first wife, Elizabeth, died before 1660. In this year he married Elizabeth, daughter of William Phillips and widow of Abiel Everill.[1] She died in the winter of 1695-96. Sewall says:

"Feb. 7, 1695-6. Mrs. Alden is buried. Bearers were Mr Chiever, Capt. Hill, Capt. Williams, Mr Walley, Mr Ballentine.

After his wife's death, Captain Alden lived with his daughter Elizabeth. She married, first, John, son of John Walley, mariner, and secondly, Simon Willard, a son of the second minister of the South Church. Her son, Abiel Walley, became a prominent merchant, and in 1721 was appointed comptroller of His Majesty's Customs in Boston. He joined the South Church in 1717, and afterward was a leading

[1] 1660. "John Aldine & Elizabeth Everill, widow, relict of Abiell Everill, deceased, were married 1st Aprill by John Endecott Gov." *Town Records.*

Digitized by Google

member of the New North Church. Zechariah Alden graduated at Harvard College in 1692, during his father's imprisonment in Boston. In the catalogue he ranks second, in a class of six.

Thus briefly have we traced the history, so far as it is accessible to us, of two of the men who laid the foundations of this ancient church. They and their contemporaries seem very far away from us; historically, we are as widely removed from them, as they were from the times of the first Tudor king in England, from the earlier years of the reign of Charles V., from the days when Ghent was still a proud and free city, when John Tetzel was selling indulgences in Germany, when, like distant thunder, the first proclamation of a pure gospel by Luther was making itself heard in Rome. And yet, how much more have we in common with the New England fathers of the seventeenth century, than they had with the men who lived at the beginning of the sixteenth. In their circumstances and conditions externally, Scottow and Alden, Rawson and Oliver, were very different from ourselves; but not so much so, in their inner experiences, and in the springs and forces of their spiritual life. Their trials were not just like ours; we have no personal knowledge of Indian massacres and witchcraft terrors; but we have troubles, temptations and forebodings of our own, and these are perhaps no less, certainly no more, hard to bear than were theirs. Assuredly, in their love for this Church, we who are one with them in its goodly fellowship, would seek to be altogether like them, and in their steadfast devotion to Him who is its Lord and Head.

Digitized by Google

SAMUEL SEWALL

BY THE

REV. GEORGE E. ELLIS, D.D., LL.D.

Digitized by Google

"STATELY AND SLOW, WITH THOUGHTFUL AIR,
HIS BLACK CAP HIDING HIS WHITENED HAIR,
WALKS THE JUDGE OF THE GREAT ASSIZE,
SAMUEL SEWALL, THE GOOD AND WISE.
HIS FACE WITH LINES OF FIRMNESS WROUGHT,
HE WEARS THE LOOK OF A MAN UNBOUGHT,
WHO SWEARS TO HIS HURT AND CHANGES NOT;
YET, TOUCHED AND SOFTENED NEVERTHELESS
WITH THE GRACE OF A CHRISTIAN GENTLENESS,
THE FACE THAT A CHILD WOULD CLIMB TO KISS!
TRUE AND TENDER AND BRAVE AND JUST,
THAT MAN MIGHT HONOR AND WOMAN TRUST."

Digitized by Google

SAMUEL SEWALL.

It would not have been at all a matter out of course or reason, if the name of Samuel Sewall, instead of finding a separate place of honor on a commemorative tablet in this Church, had appeared on the roll of its ministers, preceding that of his son and some others. In his time the ministry was the first thought of young graduates of Harvard, like himself, of the original New England stock, who had a serious purpose for a useful and honored life. Some of his own most eminent contemporaries—like Governors William Stoughton, Joseph Dudley and Gurdon Saltonstall, had first had the ministry in view. Two of these had preached, as had many others, who afterwards found high magistracy, teaching, or other service preferable to them. In fact, Sewall did, once at least, make trial of his gifts at the desk. He records that in April, 1675, four years after he had graduated, he "helped preach" for his old teacher, Mr. Parker, of Newbury, the minister of Sewall's parents. Carried away by the exuberance of his thought and feeling, he writes—"Being afraid to look on the glass [the sand glass in the pulpit] ignorantly and unwittingly, I stood two hours and a half." Though he had entered upon mercantile business, he was urged by some friends to engage in the ministry. He remained, however, through all his life, the most ministerial layman in this community, where there were many such. Very few, if any, who filled the desks, surpassed him in biblical, theological, or classical attainments. His library was of solid stock, large

Digitized by Google

and rich in the learning of the time. Classical works, commentaries, theological treatises and sermons, imported by himself, and especially works on the Prophecies, his favorite theme, engaged his study and profound thought. He loved to present choice volumes to the College, to poor ministers, to converted Indians, and to others who could well use them.

His religious relations in his youth were, of course, those of his parents in Newbury. He united himself with this, the Third, or South Church in Boston, at the age of twenty-five, in 1677, and made a simple relation of his religious experience in accepting the Covenant. He was probably led to this choice by the membership here of the family of Mr. John Hull, whose daughter he had married the year previous. He lived happily with his excellent wife, the mother of all his fourteen children, forty-three years. He says she avowed to him that she had set her heart upon him when he was delivering his Commencement part. She was the heiress of that time.

For fifty-three years, seventeen of them under the pastorship of his honored son, Sewall was in membership here. It may safely be affirmed that in all the brotherhood of the Church, including even the five pastors whose ministry he shared, there was not one to whom the sanctuary with its offices, its divine services, its holy ties of sympathy and help, its work of edification, its benevolences for the poor and the ill, the African slave, the Barbary captive, and the Indian, were more endeared, more jealously, more watchfully cared for, than by himself. He might well have been called upon, at any moment of emergency, to occupy the pulpit. His piety and dignity and high repute would have graced the office of deacon. Humble as was his estimate of his musical talent—and though he confesses he was apt to fall into a different tune from that with which he started—he seems to have for many years given satisfaction as a precentor. Good parts of your church records—births, baptisms, marriages, deaths, admissions to the communion, and special occasions of observance—might be supplied from what he set down by his

Digitized by Google

own hand, as responsive to the watchful interest of a warmly sympathetic heart. Though his love and zeal were intensely centred here, he was the medium of kindly and hospitable relations between all the ministers and churches of the town, and indeed of the Province. He loved to attend the frequent domestic occasions among his immediate friends for their sober fastings or glad thanksgivings, and was constant with psalm, or prayer or exhortation at the set meetings of a group of families seeking edification in their homes in turn. There was no variance or break, no stagnation or ebbs in his religious life. This was continuous and uniform, in his closet, his family circle, the church, the court room, in college business, the council chamber, the town meeting, and the school visitation. His frequent professional journies, with the discomforts and perils of those days, on rough roads, across ferries, often of icy waters, over marshes and by inner seas, made welcome the restful firesides of friends—with something warming for food and drink. When he returned home from these exposed journies, he would enter in his record with a calm devotion, his "*Laus Deo.*" His gravity was habitual. Rarely, though sometimes, do we come upon a trace of what he calls a "pleasancy." He was too good and serene a man to deny himself smiles and joys: too sedate to indulge the boisterous laugh.

Some of you may be asking how we know all this about a man who passed from life more than a century and a half ago? The answer, full and true, will soon come. Judge Sewall is better known to us in both his outer and inner being, in all the elements, composition and manifestation of character, in his whole personal, domestic, social, official and religious life, than is any other individual in our local history of two hundred and fifty years. And this is true not only of himself, but through his pen, curiously active, faithful, candid, kind, impartial and ever just, his own times stand revealed and described to us, as if by thousands of daguerreotypes and repeating telephones. His surroundings and companions, his home and public life, the habits,

Digitized by Google

usages, customs and events, and even the food which we can almost smell and taste, the clothes and furnishings, the modes of hospitality, of travel, the style of things—all in infinite detail, the medical practice, the military service, the formal ceremonials and courtesies, the excitements, panics and disasters, the secret and public movements in affairs, the doings, the worth and repute of contemporaries—all these have come to us through Sewall's pen, with a fullness, vividness and old time flavor and charm, which we might in vain seek to gather and put together from many hundred volumes. And all this comes from Sewall's having kept a daily journal from 1674 to 1729—fifty-five years.

These surviving journals from the generations gone are very risky, sometimes worthless or mischievous, and often objectionable, productions. Sometimes they are slanderous, trespasses upon the rights and repute of those who can make no defence. In those cases, they always reflect reproach upon the writers of them. It was the habit of a class of men of Sewall's time and training to keep diaries, and those of a religious spirit made them the repository of their self-reckonings as under the eye of God, the record of their introspective searching of themselves, their heights and depths of feelings, their unveiled faults and short comings. Some of the writers indulged themselves with more or less of freedom in expressing opinions about the character and course of other persons. Quite a list might be made of men in position or office who, having accumulated masses of such materials in their active life-time, took care that the fire should destroy them before the writers died. A serious question arises as to the rightfulness or expediency of publishing these self-confidences and self-revelations of men who left such records behind them, either by accident or design. The question must be decided in each case by the contents and spirit of the record, if a good judgment is exercised in the decision. The excellent Dr. Doddridge was made ridiculous by his kinsman who made public his private secrets. The diaries of Sewall's contemporaries, Increase and Cotton Mather, are extant, but only

Digitized by Google

extracts of them have been printed. Much in them is wisely suppressed. Increase, though a most faithful, devoted and eminently serviceable man, was morbid, censorious sometimes, and suffered as if unappreciated. The younger Mather was often jealous, spiteful, rancorous and vengeful in his daily records; and thus the estimate of his general worth is so far reduced through materials furnished by himself.

When, some eighteen years ago, Judge Sewall's papers came, by purchase, into the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society, the writer had been dead some hundred and thirty years. The MSS., passing down in a branch of his family, had been highly prized, gathering an increasing value. They had been kept with much reserve, sparingly yielding to earnest inquirers the information they were known to contain. Did the writer ever have in view or imagination, that what he wrote in his privacy —never, so far as appears, subjecting even a page to any eye but his own—would be copied, printed, published, and put within reach of all who might wish to read it? We may be safe in answering that he did not. Do we wrong him in thus bringing his secrets to the light? There is no entry in his papers from which we could infer either a permission or a prohibition to give them to the world. But I may answer the question by saying frankly and gladly, that while we gather from his papers matter of incalculable value and interest for historians and the searchers into the curious things of the past, neither Sewall himself nor a single one of all those whom he names, suffers any harm or reproach from the disclosures. Not a line or a word in those records reveals anything but a pure and unstained soul, a most tender and scrupulous conscience, a loving and child-like heart, a walk in life spent and consecrated as under the All-Seeing and Holy Eye. There are no grudges, no animosities, no malice, no bitter musings, no aggravating reproaches of those—some very near to him—who caused him loss and grief, but ever efforts to reconcile, by forbearance, remonstrance, and forgiveness. Having in view some passages—we may call them *queer*, to be referred to

Digitized by Google

presently—the question pressed with some misgiving upon the Editors of the papers, whether they should be set forth in print. Bearing in view that such documents are not designed for school-books, but primarily as materials for digested history—the rule is accepted, that the reason which justifies the printing of them, covers also the exaction, that they be literally and faithfully set forth.

The deepest impression made upon me in the pleasant use of the leisure of five years in the editing and annotating of the Judge's journal, was that of the profound and consistent devoutness of his spirit, and the tender affectionateness of his nature. He was pure in heart, and so had divine visions. He was touched by all the infirmities and griefs of others. Unknown to them they had his prayers, when he heard of their trials. He had his daily errands of help and sympathy to the poor and suffering. The capacious pockets in the outer garments of those days, were, in his case, never empty when he went out of doors. They must have been most miscellaneously crowded with sermons, trinkets, sweetmeats, fruits and other delicacies. Generally figs, oranges, or "Marmalade" or "Chockalett" accompanied a little religious tract. One is a little startled on reading, that on a visit of courtship to a rather hesitating widow, he left with her "Sibbs' Bowels." But we are relieved on learning that it was a harmless tractate, by Dr. Sibbs, with the full title—"Bowels Opened; or, a Discovery of the Union betwixt Christ and the Church." He was the constant visitor of all of his own widest circle, lofty or humble, confined to the house or the chamber. He was the first on our soil to write and print against the enslaving of Africans. His interest for the Indians so earnest, warm and constant, was shown in his administration of a charitable trust for them, and in visiting their fading remnants in their woful settlements. I cannot say whether he would have been in or out of sympathy with all that is included in the "woman-question" of our time. I think he would wish to divide it. But we have an unpublished MS. of his in which he pleads for women as the joint heirs of the heavenly mansions, and indignantly argues down

Digitized by Google

the notion of their exclusion. "Talitha-Cumi—Young Woman, Arise!" is the felicitous title of his essay. Sewall certainly had what seems to us a morbid addiction to attendance on funerals, and to serving as a Bearer of defunct persons. Standing recently by the ancient grave, in the cemetery of the town of Revere, of Dean Winthrop, the last surviving son of Governor Winthrop, I recalled Sewall's record, that he "helped let down the body into the earth." But it must have been in pathetic memory of the vanished family of the ever honored first magistrate of the Colony. Indeed, Sewall gives his fondest and tenderest words to his farewells, one by one, till he reaches the last, of the survivors of the first English comers here, especially to those of them, who were "true New England people," and "dear lovers" of this heritage. Still tombs and graves had a fascination for him. As his tomb in the Granary was so often opened in his bereavements, he tells us how, seated upon some relic in it, he was "entertained" by his father and mother Hull. In the widest compass of reading, it would be hard to find a more pathetic utterance than that which this man of station and dignity, when nearly fifty years of age, gave forth to the neighbors gathered round his mother's open grave in Newbury:

"Nathan[1] Bricket taking in hand to fill the grave, I said, Forbear a little, and suffer me to say that amidst our bereaving sorrows we have the comfort of beholding this Saint put into the rightful possession of that happiness of living desired, and dying lamented. She lived commendably four and fifty years with her dear Husband, and my dear Father; and she could not well brook the being divided from him,[1] which is the cause of our taking leave of her in this place. She was a true and constant lover of God's Word, Worship, and Saints; and she always with a patient cheerfulness submitted to the Divine decree of providing bread for herself and others in the sweat of her brows. And now her infinitely Gracious and Bountiful Master has promoted her to the honor of higher employments, fully and absolutely discharged from all manner of toil and sweat. My honored and beloved friends and neighbors! My dear Mother never thought much of doing the most frequent and homely offices of love for me; and lavished away many thousands of words upon me, before I could return one

[1] He had died eight months previously.

Digitized by Google

word in answer. And therefore I ask and hope that none will be offended that I have now ventured to speak one word in her behalf, when she herself is become speechless. Made a motion of my hand, for the filling of the Grave. Note, I could hardly speak for passion and tears."

If one would have a vivid sense of the doctrine of the Divine Omnipresence, as a felt reality every where and always, let him follow Sewall in his instantaneous recourse to prayer on every moment, occasion and incident of life. He made full, incessant, persistent trial of it—by his own lips and those of others. The oldest daughter, the only unmarried child left in his home, was long a bed-ridden sufferer, with a complication of ills. His faith and patience were sorely tried by her case. He had summoned successively one by one, all the ministers to pray by her bedside, and he adds—"I think now all the ministers of our communion have been here. The Lord help us, that we may not trust in Men, but in God." It is not often that a bereaved father takes a full grown son after the death of his mother, into the garret, to pray with him on the wise selection of a substitute or successor for her. When he was absent from home, on the recurrence of his birth-day, his rule was to go alone into the Meeting-house for a season of private prayer. He often gives us the themes of his devotions in his special fast days. He left many little books crowded with notes of sermons to which he had listened.

Though Sewall habitually spoke and wrote with an awed solemnity and submission under the mysterious ways and workings of Divine Providence, in its delays and disappointments of human schemes and efforts, yet he drops many quaint hints of his intent to hold a "covenant keeping God" as bound to perform his part of a work, after man had done his best in it. There is even a touch of grim humor in the following hint. Sewall, as already stated, was one of the Commissioners of the English Society for the conversion of the Indians, and most devotedly did he labor in a work which was very dear to his heart. He retained his faith and zeal in it, notwithstanding his grievous sense of its slender fruits of success.

Digitized by Google

Writing to his uncle, Stephen Dummer, in England, in 1686, he says:—"The best News that I can think to speak of from America, is, that Mr. John Eliot, through the good hand of God upon him, hath procured a second Edition of the Bible in the Indian Language, so that many hundreds of them may read the Scriptures. Lord sanctify them by thy Truth, thy word is Truth. As to the Design of Converting them, we in N. E. may sorrowfully sing the 127 Psalm: Except the Lord build the House, they Labour in vain that build. I am persuaded 't would be a most acceptable sacrifice to God, importunately to beseech Him to put his Hand to that work, and not in a great measure as it were to stand and look on." Is it possible that if the revering Sewall had completed the sentence with the thought in his mind, he would have written the words—"and not do anything to help"?

Sewall's family discipline was that of his time, regarded by us as severe. It followed the counsel of Solomon. Here is a specimen of it as practised upon his son, afterwards the Pastor of this Church. He was then three months in his fifth year. "November 6, 1692. Joseph threw a knop of Brass and hit his sister Betty on the forhead so as to make it bleed and swell, upon which, and for his playing at Prayer time, and eating when Return Thanks, I whip'd him pretty smartly. When I first went in (call'd by his Grand-mother) he sought to shadow and hide himself from me behind the head of the cradle: which gave me the sorrowful remembrance of Adam's carriage." Genesis iii. 8–10.

And here is a specimen of his abounding hospitality to others than his "rich neighbors."

Judging that the birth of his fourteenth child, on January 2, 1702 (N. S.) would be the last of like events in his family, he makes the following record on January 16: "My wife treats her Midwife and Women: Had a good Dinner, Boil'd Pork, Beef, Fowls: very good Rost Beef, Turkey-Pie, Tarts. Madam Usher carv'd, Mrs. Hañah Greenlef (the Midwife) Ellis, Cowell, Wheeler, Johnson, and her daughter, Mrs. Hill our Nurses Mother, Nurse Johnson, Hill, Hawkins,

Digitized by Google

Mrs. Goose, Deming, Green, Smith, Hatch, Blin. Comfortable moderate weather; and with a good fire in the Stove warm'd the room."

Here were sixteen professional "Women," presided over by a Lady. Doubtless there was a generous supply of the liquids dispensed respectively from glasses and cups. It was a scene for the pen of a Dickens.

Besides all the infinite, minute and trifling details relating to private, domestic and social life, and the incidents of passing days—from which one might reconstruct the aspect and method and the whole experience of the time from Sewall's journals, they contain matter of prime authority and value to the historian, on critical points in public affairs, secrets of state, so to call them, intrigues, rivalries, cross purposes, alienations personal and partisan, workings of sub-currents, and complicated movements, in the little commonwealth. Sewall filled all but the highest office in the local government, and could look beneath the surface, and interpret some things which were mysteries or puzzles to others. He lived under both forms of administration, by the colonial and the provincial charter. His position in the royal council brought him into delicate relations with that somewhat duplex personage, Governor Joseph Dudley—the man of strong friends and strong enemies. Sewall's son had married Dudley's daughter—a union not congenial—faults, perhaps very grievous ones, on both sides—with temporary separation. The Judge's course in the matter was patient, forbearing, mediatory.

There was a new spirit of relaxing of old restraints, of liberalism, of enlargement and moderation, working in the time; the central object then contested was the control and method of administration of the College. The liberalizing party won in the struggle. Sewall's sympathies were strongly, yet not passionately on the conservative side. But he was calm and moderate. His general frame was that of sadness, of despondency, over every sign of what was to him, a falling away from the old love—a decline of the original New England spirit. The exceptions which we should be inclined to make

Digitized by Google

from a full sympathetic estimate of the character of Sewall, would not in the least attach to any moral infirmity, any fault of temper, any lack of the most thorough integrity or sincerity, or any side-allurement of self-seeking. Quite otherwise. There was a slightly morbid element of timidity, foreboding and superstition in his nature. His scruples attached to imaginations as well as to realities. He identified the true and right with his own standards, his limited outlook. Yet he was constantly seeking to restrain and rectify such weaknesses.

The most interesting historical point in the life and character of Judge Sewall, is his part in connection with the Witchcraft tragedy. Hopeless and vain it seems to try to set right for superficial readers and flippant triflers, the absurd yet stock-folly which singles out for emphasis in scorn and reproach the little wilderness village of Salem, two hundred years ago, for its share in a stark delusion universal in Christendom. That delusion gave us a score of tragedies here, while there were thousands and hundreds of thousands of them, then and afterwards, all over Europe. The real stress for New England should be laid upon the small space within which the phrenzy wrought its horrors, and the brevity of the time during which its pall hung over our community. Executions for witchcraft in various parts of Europe continued long after they had ceased and been sorely grieved over here. We have no more right to censure those whose official trusts compelled them to deal with that dread panic here, than we have to charge upon the physicians of our day the ravages of the cholera. Much has been said of the absence of trained lawyers and the lack of legal forms and methods on the bench and in the court. It certainly was not for want of law in the case that those victims perished. The court followed strictly the English Statutes, even in pressing to death poor Giles Corey for refusing to plead to the indictment. The foremost judges and jurists of Europe presided over witchcraft trials and condemned those adjudged guilty.

But there are two distinctive and most honorable facts which signalize the history of our share in those harrowing tragedies.

Digitized by Google

In the first of these we may challenge a revering tribute for Sewall. When, five years after, the portentous shadow which had hung over our community was lifted, and dismay and remorse for what had been done harrowed the hearts of this people, the Province authorities appointed a solemn Fast Day in homes and churches for services of humiliation and penitence. Then Sewall, who had sat as a judge in the woful phrenzy, in his reverent attendance, conspicuous and honored, upon what he calls "the solemn assembly," rose in his seat and bowed his head, as his pastor read his note of meek contrition, for his possible share in blood guiltiness. Did ever a judge in Christendom, even the wisest and the best of them, ever do that, before or since? Sewall was then but second in rank on that bench. His chief was William Stoughton, a man of austere and grim spirit, persistent in what he called following his conscience, the literal word of scripture against witches, and the light which was before him, though it was really darkness. He disapproved this act of Sewall, and would not imitate it.

Yet one other signal honor might well offset—if there were any reason for it—the silly slander which concentrates the shame of witchcraft on this colony. I speak the fact gratefully and boastingly. The Province of Massachusetts, by legislative process, allowed pecuniary compensation, so far as that would atone, to those who had suffered in repute or property through the delusion. Did any other government in Christendom ever do that for its thousands of wronged and tortured victims? It is to be hoped that these facts may soon find their way into the new, more exact and more faithful histories which are to be written for us.

It interests us to ask what was the quality of the possible error or guilt with which Sewall charged himself, and how much was covered by his "Confession." The words of the "Bill put up" by him on the Fast Day, are as follows—the reference in the beginning being to his recent domestic afflictions:

Digitized by Google

"Samuel Sewall, sensible of the reiterated strokes of God upon himself and family; and being sensible, that as to the Guilt contracted upon the opening of the late Commission of Oyer and Terminer at Salem (to which the Order for this Day relates) he is, upon many accounts, more concerned than any that he knows of, Desires to take the Blame and Shame of it, Asking pardon of men, And especially desiring Prayers that God, who has an Unlimited Authority, would pardon that sin and all other his sins; personal and Relative; And according to his infinite Benignity and Sovereignty, Not visit the sin of him, or of any other, upon himself or any of his, nor upon the Land, &c."

Now we are not to infer from this that Sewall had come to disbelieve or even doubt that what was called witchcraft, a contract or covenant made with the devil, for purposes of sorcery and evil, was a possible and actual iniquity to be recognized by law. Neither the intelligence nor the scepticism of the most enlightened and devout in Christendom had at that time reached so far as to question the reality of that dreadful sin. Among the other appalling aggravations of the fearful delusion which struck such terror into the community, was the fact that many of the accused, under the dismay and bewilderment of the charges made against them, confessed, with details of acts and circumstances, to having had dealings with the devil. Sewall's misgivings are probably to be referred to his deep distrust of that part of the evidence against the accused, upon which the court had proceeded to sentence—known as "spectre testimony." It had been accepted in belief that Satan could empower his dupes in spectral or shadowy forms, to impersonate or assume the shape of their principals, and so to torment their victims when themselves distant in the living body. The further prosecutions for witchcraft broke down under the distrust of this spectral testimony. It is probable that Sewall's sharp self-reproachings centred there. Occasionally, but very rarely, he refers in his journal to painful reminders.

In that exquisite ballad of our beloved and venerable poet, Whittier, so graced with tenderness, sweetness, and reverent regard, entitled "The Prophecy of Samuel Sewall," we read,

Digitized by Google

"Of the fast which the good man life-long kept
With a haunting sorrow that never slept,
As the circling year brought round the time,
Of an error that left the sting of crime.

* * * * * *

All the day long, from dawn to dawn,
His door was bolted, his curtain drawn:
No foot on his silent threshold trod,
No eye looked on him save that of God,
As he baffled the ghosts of the dead with charms
Of penitent tears and prayers, and psalms,
And, with precious proofs from the sacred word
Of the boundless pity and love of the Lord."

This may all have been as the gentle and loving spirit of the poet has visioned it in reading for us the heart of the good Judge. But it would be distressing to have to believe that he bore such a life-long burden and woe, chased by ghosts to be exorcised only by an annual fast from dawn to dawn, free as he was of guilt. So it relieves us to be able to refer all that is so gloomy in those lines to a very free indulgence of poetic license. There is no trace of any such mournful observance during the nearly forty years remaining of the Judge's life. The Judge, like other devout persons of his time, kept occasions of fasting and solitary self-communion. His Journal records for us many such occasions, with minute and special accounts of the subjects, the matter of his contrite exercises, and the topics of his prayers. But in no single instance is there a reference made to or a mention of his share in the proceedings at Salem.

The following extract from the Journal, in 1708, gives us the matter and the method of one of the Judge's Fast Days.

"The Appointment of a Judge for the Superior Court being to be made upon next Fifth day, Feb. 12. I pray'd God to Accept me in keeping a privat day of Prayer, with Fasting for That and other Important Matters: I kept it upon the Third day, Feb. 10, in the upper Chamber at the North-East end of the House, fastening the Shutters next the Street. Perfect what is lacking in my Faith, and in the faith of my dear Yoke fellow, Convert my children; especially Samuel and Hannah: Provide Rest and Settlement for Hannah: Recover Mary, Save Judith, Elizabeth and Joseph: Requite the Labour of Love of my Kinswoman Jane Tappin, Give her health, find out Rest for her, Make David a man after thy own heart, Let Susan live and be baptised with the Holy Ghost, and with fire. Relations. Steer the Government in

Digitized by Google

this difficult time, when the Governour and many others are at so much variance: Direct, incline, overrule, on the Council-day, as to the special Work of it in filling the Superior Court with Justices: or any other thing of like nature: as Plymouth inferior Court. Bless the Company for Propagation of the Gospel, especiall Gov. Ashurst &c. Revive the Business of Religion at Natick, and accept and bless John Neesnumin, who went thither last week for that end. Mr. Rawson at Nantucket. Bless the South Church in preserving and spiriting our Pastor; in directing unto suitable Supply, and making the Church unanimous: Save the Town, College: Province from Invasion of Enemies, open, Secret, and from false Brethren: Defend the Purity of Worship. Save Connecticut, bless their New Governour: Save the Reformation under New York Government [then with a Roman Catholic Governor.] Reform all the European Plantations in America: Spanish, Portuguese, English, French, Dutch: Save this new World, that where Sin hath abounded, Grace may Superabound; that Christ who is stronger, would bind the strong man and spoil his house: and order the Word to be given, Babylon is fallen. Save our Queen [Anne], lengthen out her life and Reign. Save France, make the Proud helper Stoop. Save all Europe: Save Asia, Africa, Europe and America. These were general heads of my Meditation and prayer: and through the bounteous Grace of God, I had a very Comfortable day of it."

The two most pathetic entries in the Diary referring to the sad proceedings at Salem, are the following, the first being set down four years after the executions: "Dec. 24, 1696. Sam. recites to me in Latin Mat. 12. from the 6th to the end of the 12th verse. The 7th verse did awfully bring to mind the Salem Tragedie." The words are—"If ye had known what this meaneth, I will have mercy and not sacrifice, ye would not have condemned the guiltless."

The other passage is under date of May 3, 1720. "Dr. Mather sends me Mr. Daniel Neal's History of New-England: It grieves me to see New-England's Nakedness laid open in the business of the Quakers, Anabaptists, Witchcraft. The Judges Names are mentioned, p. 502. My Confession, p. 536. vol. 2. The Good and Gracious God be pleased to save New-England, and me and my family."

To some of the wrongs here censured the Judge was not a party. The extreme and ever to be deplored dealings with

Digitized by Google

the Quakers had taken place just before Sewall was brought hither as a child. But it must be admitted that what he afterwards saw and knew of the Quakers of his period excited his strong disapprobation and dread. He regarded them as arrogant, fanatical and intolerant of the profoundest religious convictions of others. They vilified the Puritan creed, ministry and worship. Their claim to direct Divine Inspiration in the utterance of personal Judgments and the denouncing of direful calamities of fire, sword and plague were grievous offences. Sewall was deeply stirred when they broke in upon the exercises in the South Meeting-house, and in frantic garb, gesture and denunciation struck horror into the assembly. On June 17, 1685, he refused in the Council to grant the petition of Quakers to be allowed to enclose the spot on the Common where the four victims were buried. When a petition was offered in Council, August 23, 1708, to permit the building of a Quaker Meeting-house in Boston, Sewall writes, "I opposed it: said I would not have a hand in setting up their Devil Worship." It may be profitless to ask, as it would be difficult to answer the question, Whether, if Sewall had been in full manhood and in magistratical office at the time when the four Quakers were executed, he would have approved of the penalty. Possibly, if not probably—guided by the spirit of that age, happily, not of our own—he would have done so. He was as rigid a Puritan as was Endicott, and though of a tender heart, he notes with a stern censure the slightest deviation in opinion or observance from the Puritan rule, while an open contempt and mockery of it would have provoked his utmost severity. He would at least have shared the opinion which many hold at this day, that the Quakers themselves are justly censurable because, knowing the temper of the magistrates and their rightful claim to local jurisdiction, they persistently intruded and returned here, and so exasperated the authorities as to goad them to extremities of folly and cruelty which have left the darkest stain on the annals of Massachusetts.

Reference has been made to Sewall as a lawyer and a

Digitized by Google

judge—subsequently the highest in office, though without legal training. A word on that point. The Colony of Massachusetts from the first did not like lawyers, and would have been glad not to have had one of them on its soil, in fact, clearing off the first one that came here. Of course, therefore, there had been in Sewall's time no means for training lawyers. His own Journal gives us but scant information about his entrance on the profession, or his furnishing for it, then, or afterwards, though he imported many law-books. It may be said of him that, "simple truth was his utmost skill." He had an awful sense of the supreme law of righteousness, as set forth in the two great commandments. The Scriptures furnished a sufficient code to one whose heart was pure and whose eye was single. He followed the methods of natural equity, trying to bring simple common sense to bear as in arbitration and decision. He seems to have acted on the conviction that it is not for men to do what our legislators assume to do—"to make laws," but to discover what are the laws already put in force by the Divine Legislator, and to give them recognition.

So far as Sewall's Journal, printed for a Society of limited membership and a small constituency, had worked its way to a more public attention, the editors found that, as they expected, the passages in it which they most hesitated about printing, have been most readily seized upon for merriment and even ridicule. Let me state the case on its two sides. In matters upon which most men make fools of themselves in the course of their lives—this grave and solemn judge, in all his dignity, is brought to the level of our common humanity in what are called "affairs of the heart." And we have exposed him from behind the shutters. Some of the aspects of his repeated, and not always successful courtships, are certainly amusing. He did not mean that we should know anything about them. But he wrote them down in full, sometimes elated, sometimes, as the word is—"mittened." The editors did indeed pause over the putting into print the communicative and descriptive details of his court-

Digitized by Google

ship of Madame Winthrop. We note the warming-up and the cooling-off process. She seems to have first suggested the arrangement to him. But he was ready. And when she was making up her mind adversely, Sewall was quick to see the signs. Her linen was not as clean as usual when she had received him; she kept on her gloves; she drew a small table between them, etc. etc. etc. Now Madame Winthrop was evidently a "worldly-minded" woman. Clearly Sewall might have won her had he been willing to gratify her in two exacted conditions. These were, first, by setting up an equipage at a greater expense than he, though fully able, thought it wise to indulge; second, that like the great dignitaries of his time, he should wear a full wig. This latter demand touched Sewall at a sensitive point. He had an intensely religious objection to periwigs, had written against their use, and sharply rebuked some of his friends who wore them. His Maker, he said, provided him at his birth with a head dress. As it thinned with age, he wore a simple skull-cap—especially in his seat in the draughty and unwarmed meeting-house. So his suit to Madame Winthrop fell through. He turned his attention elsewhere, and easily succeeded. This and other tentative courtships, so artlessly and confidingly entered by Sewall in his Journal, when spread on the printed page for our day, do at first appear to trifle with his secrets, and to expose the dignified and honored Judge to ridicule and banter. Now look at the matter in another light, under which the ludicrous episode is, to my mind, not only relieved, but graced with a charm. Sewall had already entered on his seventieth year. He was a lonely man. His first wife, the mother of all his children, fourteen in number, was dead. His second wife had but a short tenure with him of seven months. Of his children, eight had died; five had homes of their own, married. There was left to him only his oldest daughter, Hannah, invalid and bed-ridden. Though the father's patience and devotion were sorely tried by her protracted sufferings, they were never exhausted. Male and female physicians, possets, plaisters and appliances of all

Digitized by Google

sorts, and the prayers of each of the ministers in town, had been engaged for her. She had a habit of falling down stairs; had broken both her knee pans, and would doubtless have broken others, if she had had them. His house was a forlorn and desolate scene. The edifice was spacious and every way attractive, in the old generous style of furnishing and comfort. Sewall was a bountiful provider, fond of large hospitality, given and enjoyed. What was he to do in his loneliness? He would not bring in and set at his table a hireling official, a housekeeper, so called. He therefore paid his tribute, and a noble one it was, to that wise, judicious, though exacting rule for the order and security of New England domestic life—that every home should have in it a presiding mistress, competent, congenial in mind and spirit, with its head—a wife, and for Sewall's rank, a lady. Romance for him was out of the question; though it has played its tricks with some older men than he. If he had not set about looking for a wife, others would have done it for him, as was then usual in the case of all widowers. Indeed Madame Winthrop herself had discussed the qualities of six available widows with Sewall, who, as a class, seem to have been preferred to spinsters. The Judge, though not portly, was of stately and dignified presence, and of a benign countenance. He sets down his weight when fifty years of age as "193 pounds, net. Had only my close Coat on."

A short reference may now be made to what suggests itself when we take this typical man out of his own time and set him in our time.

My own readings and thinkings have led me to rest in the conclusion that what we call Puritanism—as expressing a body of opinions and convictions, a spirit and a method in conduct and in life, was limited in its fulness and intensity of sway and influence here to two generations of men and women, after which it yielded to softening and reducing agencies. It was earnest, sincere and mastering in the first comers here, and it descended from and was imparted by them to their direct progeny, to be manifested by these in even a somewhat

Digitized by Google

more rigid and austere form than by their parents. A stern family discipline, teaching and example, the hard and rude conditions of life, labor, seclusion from the freer influences at work in the world, all helped to impress Puritanism on the first generation born on this soil. But their children became restive, non-compliant, indulging in a larger outlook, falling, as the phrase was, "from their first love." In accounting for this, while allowing for obvious natural reasons for it, we have also to recognize the very important fact that all of the first comers here were by no means in full sympathy with the chief master spirits, the leaders and guides of the enterprise, those who had their all at stake, and who indulged an iron will. We detect friction, signs of restlessness, antagonism and strong individual assertion from the first. Only the mastering of the stern unyielding rule of the foremost spirits kept down open opposition. Grievances soon demanded a hearing and a redress. The first spirit of zeal, resolve and dominance in leaders was steadily reduced in vigor and in securing its own way, by a rapidly strengthening force in the number and power of the discontented and the dissident.

This popular fretting under the rigidity of the Puritan rule, compelling its relaxation, was illustrated in the opposition to the extreme dealings with the Quakers, less than thirty years after the planting of the Colony. It is to be remembered that the General Court, exercising all legislative, judicial and executive functions, was constituted only of and by church members, a minority of the people. Even then the death penalty had only a single vote in the majority. The strong popular opposition to its enforcement required a band of soldiery, with noise of drums to drown it. Then the Court itself broke down in its extreme severity. The people would have no more executions. The imprisoned Quakers were all released on their promise to leave the jurisdiction. After this the Magistrates received a letter from Charles II., interposing in behalf of the Quakers. The magistrates treated this royal interference as they always did such matters, with a feint of respect, and wrote the king in reply an account of their annoy-

Digitized by Google

ance by the Quakers. Unfortunately he sent them a second letter authorizing them to pass "a sharp law" against their troublers, as he said he had himself been compelled to do.

Judge Sewall has been called "the last of the Puritans." There is truth enough in that statement to allow it to pass. Thorough and intense Puritan as he was, he stands distinct and eminent, even among his contemporaries of weight and dignity, as more of a Puritan than were some of them. Taking him as a whole, in type of character, prominence of place, sum of personal influence, we may say that in the generation following there was no successor to him, no peer or repetition of him in the exemplification of the qualities, single and united, which so strongly marked his individuality.

The chief characteristic of real, full Puritanism was in its estimate and way of using and dealing with the Bible, as the only and the full and sufficient authority in religion—dispensing with, and even contemning and defying all ecclesiastical, traditionary and priestly auxiliaries or obstructions in its use. All religious deferences and confidences withdrawn from all other appliances for faith and obedience, centred upon the Bible. That was supremely prized and revered. Sewall's trust and love and awe, his joy and hope, his peace, and also his dread, rested in the "Word." He takes up the Bible with a serene and full confidence, as if he had received it in its English dress directly from the Divine hand through a luminous cloud: so written and certified, so self-explaining, as to be read only with simple and childlike confidence of heart and spirit. It was all alike through and through, as are slices and crumbs even from any part of a loaf of bread. There were passages in it which, so to speak, appalled and frightened him. But I think there is not a single token in his Journal of any suggestion from the critical faculty, any halting over perplexity, still less, any prompting to explain away. It was from this august estimate and this revering use of the Bible, that the Puritans derived the tenets of their stern creed and the principles of their church institution and discipline, fortified by a strong array of proof texts.

Digitized by Google

Now if any one would have a vivid and full impression of the changes wrought by the silent lapse of time through two centuries in all the elements and workings of character, opinions, believings, habits and rules of life, estimates of principles and values, tolerances, prejudices, concessions and allowances, in all matters involving our own conduct and that of others,—let him take Sewall out of his own Book and stand him before us to-day. Put him, such as he was, to mark the individuality of a man who fills a like place, with like repute and influence in our time. Imagine that you have him resurrected before you, for private converse in a quiet apartment, or to be taken by the arm for a walk amid these very places, while you explain things to him. It would be an all-sufficient way of realizing that we live only for our own time and place, and should be utterly dazed if separated from our own surroundings and associates. Of course, in such an imagined interview and circuit with a revived dignitary of the past age, very much would depend upon the mental and moral furnishing, the capacity and staple, the breadth and compass of intelligence and discernment in the man himself. For instance, Dr. Franklin, and his early contemporary Cotton Mather, would look with widely different eyes, thoughts and judgments upon the marvellously changed aspects of things in this, their childhood's home. A pretty fair test also would be found in such a companionship for explaining the present to a man of the past, in the degree of your success in satisfying him which of all these changes have been positive improvements and advances, indicating real progress to the truth and right, the wise, the expedient, the safe and the practically good. But let us confine ourselves to Sewall resurrected for companionship, and after a wide circuit through the city, brought in to collect his amazed, astounded and unutterable thoughts in this noble and richly adorned church. Seat him beside his own tablet. The last earnest act of his life, outside of the Court, his attendance on which prevented his being at an important church-meeting, was to send a most beseeching protest to that meet-

Digitized by Google

ing. The purpose of the meeting was to provide for taking down the edifice of wood on the old site, where he had worshipped for more than fifty years, and substituting for it the brick edifice still standing, which you have abandoned. Grievous was the pain and lament of the Judge over that proposal. He did not live to witness its completion. Some very marked changes—the most revolutionary, he would have been readily reconciled to. When you explained to him the national flag, he would doubtless approve that we were no longer governed from across the water. Our grand schoolhouses would have pleased him. The Public Library and the street railways would have gratified him, unless you had whispered to him that they were used on the Sabbath. The numerous bright gas-lights at night he would approve, remembering that he had in his time often gone out at midnight, carrying a lantern, in search of a midwife. He would stand amazed over this whole region of parks, gardens and palatial dwellings, known to him as a wide, shallow bay of salt-water, now filled up to his own farm, at Sewall's Point in Brookline.

But what a racking of all his sensibilities, if unchanged, it would have been, to face a thousand of the features, habits, incidents and facts about this city, which in his day, occupied by a homogeneous English community, was kept under restraint by an austere morality and a power of repression. His hand as a magistrate was put forth against the imported organist for the "box of whistles" in King's Chapel, who undertook to smuggle in his frivolous skill to teach some children how to dance. He uttered his solemn protest when he heard the rumor of some proposed theatrical entertainments in the Town House. What horror would strike him when told that dancing and dramatic exercises were now parts of some of our church entertainments! He sturdily opposed, and refused to sell a piece of his own land for, the building of a church in Boston for the forms of worship of the monarch and realm of England. What would he have said to all these churches and halls of ours for all creeds and no creed—Roman

Digitized by Google

Catholic, Synagogues, Spiritualist Temples, etc.? He frequently entered in his Journal his delight over the very slight recognition of Christmas. What would he say now, when the dealers in holiday goods work the whole community into a fever of excitement in that season, and children are turned into little highwaymen, demanding what you mean to give them for a Christmas present? Good children in his day had for a present a copy of that grim and sulphurous poem—Wigglesworth's "Day of Doom." You would not have found it agreeable work to have explained all things to, and answered all the questions of, the resurrected Judge. As to some things, be sure you would have had to hesitate and stutter and perhaps turn away your face, wishing your utterly perplexed companion would not ask so many and just such questions. For his part I know that he, the honored, revered and beloved magistrate, neighbor, friend and saint of his day would implore you to let him go quietly back to the scenes, associates, ways and doings of his own time.

Put the truth now plainly and in full force. By the standards and principles which Sewall conscientiously applied to himself and others in his day, a large majority of all who are now living in Boston, would be offenders, culprits, in some form or degree—about some thing, opinion, habit or way of life. As such, they would have been by him rebuked, censured, restrained, put under some disability, fined or imprisoned. Habits and usages, amusements and dissipations, indulgences and tolerated iniquities, all around us, would draw out his sternest rebuke, as in no way admitting of justification, or even of allowance as conditions of real individual liberty among us. Sewall cannot summon us before his tribunal; but there is a higher tribunal before which we are all amenable.

In reconstructing through Sewall's pages the domestic, social and civil habits and institutions of his time, we may fall to musing over this question: Suppose this community had been left to the natural development of those habits and institutions, strictly through its own homogeneous population, increasing and modifying from the original English Puritan

Digitized by Google

stock, without the flooding in here of foreign and incongruous elements, swamping our own native born element, and introducing here, ideas, customs, amusements, and religious beliefs and observances, which were most intolerable to our ancestors, and to be rid of which forever, was a prime object of their exiling themselves from the old world. The most demonstrative annual pageant in this city is on "St. Patrick's Day." That this should be so, and should cause no protest, and should be even complacently enjoyed as a spectacle by those who hardly understand its significance—this may be taken as a type of the transformation which has been wrought here from the old traditions of our heritage.

It is better that the old Puritan Judge should stand commemorated on that plain tablet, than that he should come back here to have his soul vexed by the heresies and enormities of this present generation. Nor with our enlargement, freedom, abounding appliances and facilities, our compass of differences and necessary tolerances, our broader horizon for outlook, our range in the ventures of questioning thought, even if an element of degeneracy, and a parting from something supremely good, is the purchase price of all we have, —should we be happy to turn back the stream and float to the springs of a rude and toiling life with our fathers. We have no reproaches for them. May our posterity have as good reason to honor, and as little cause to apologize for, us, as we have for them.

Digitized by Google

NOTE.

Reference is made on page 56 to Judge Sewall's letter to the church-meeting, opposing the building of a new Meeting-house. He requested that his dissent might be entered upon the Church Records, which your late pastor, Dr. Manning, informed me was not complied with. As it is a characteristic paper, I here copy it from the Judge's Letter Book.

"To the Reverend Mr. Joseph Sewall, & to the Reverend Mr. Thomas Prince, Pastors of the South Church in Boston, and to the Brethren of said Church, assembled in a Church Meeting, on Tuesday, the seven & twentieth day of February, 1727-8.

In which Meeting Two Questions are to be Answered to wit: Whether the Old Meeting House shall be Repaired, or a New One builded.

That our Meeting House needs Repairing, is Apparent: and I apprehend that it ought to be done as soon as the Season of the year will admit.

But as for the building of a New Meeting house, it is now unseasonable. God in his holy Providence preserving this, seems plainly to advise us to the contrary. This is a very good Meeting house, and we have not convenient room to build a New one in, while this is standing. And considering the Terrible Earth-Quakes we have had, shaking all our Foundations, it behooves us to walk humbly with our God and to observe the divine Counsel given to Barach by the Prophet Jeremiah in the forty-fifth Chapter: And to take care that we do not say in the Pride and greatness of heart, We will cut down the Sycamores, and change them into Cedars, Isaiah, 9. 10. We ought to look not only on our own Things, but also on the Things of others, Philip. 2. 4., and beware that we do not unjustly and violently Oust them out of what they are lawfully possessed of.

Besides, I fear the Mischief is like to be distressing, for want of a place to worship God in, while the New Meeting House is setting up.

Upon these, and such like Considerations, I dissent from those Brethren, who promote the building a New Meeting house at this Time, and pray that what I have written may be enter'd upon the Church Records. SAM[l] SEWALL.

Mr. Edward Bromfield, Esq. came to me to persuade me to go to the Meeting warn'd last Lord's Day, and desired me that if I did not go, I would write. Accordingly I writ as I could in great Hurries, Monday being Probat Day. I sent for Mr. Bromfield, and he kindly carried it for me, and delivered it, and it was read."

Digitized by Google

I

SAMUEL SEWALL,

Born at Bishop-Stoke, Eng., March 28, 1652.

Being sent for by his father to come to New England, he arrived here with his mother, July 16, 1661.

Graduated at Harvard College, 1671.
Resident Fellow and Librarian.

Married
By Governor Bradstreet, to Judith Hull, Feb. 28, 1676, N. S.

Joined in Covenant with South Church,
March 30, 1677.

Made a Freeman, May, 1678.

Undertook the Management of the Printing Press, Boston, Oct. 12, 1681. Resigned the office Sept. 12, 1684.

Followed mercantile business for some years.

Chosen Deputy, or Representative, to the General Court
From Westfield, Hamp., Nov. 7, 1683.

Commissioned on the Council, June 11, 1686.

Sailed for England, Nov. 22, 1688. Landed on return, Nov. 29, 1689.

1692.—One of the Royal Council of the Province.

Appointed by Governor Phipps, June 13, 1692, as
One of the Seven Judges,
By Special Commission of Oyer and Terminer, for trial of Cases of Witchcraft.

—— From 1697 to 1703, ——
Selectman, Moderator, Overseer of the Poor.

July 25, 1699.—Commissioned by Governor Lord Bellomont, a
Judge of the Superior Court.

October 14, 1699.—Made a
Commissioner of the Society for Propagating the Gospel Among the Indians.

His hair becoming thin, first wore his "black cap" to Lecture, as a "testimony against Periwigs."

June 24, 1700.—Published the first Anti-Slavery Tract,
"The Selling of Joseph."

Digitized by Google

June 2, 1701.—Elected
CAPTAIN OF THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY.

Sept. 16, 1713.—Attends the Ordination of his son Joseph, as Colleague Pastor of the South Church.

June 19, 1717.—Appointed by Governor Shute
JUDGE OF PROBATE OF SUFFOLK.

Oct. 19, 1717.—His wife, Judith (Hull) Sewall, dies.

Feb. 11, 1718.—There being a vacancy on the Bench, he asks, and receives from the Governor, the office of
CHIEF JUSTICE.
Takes the oath April 25.

October 29, 1719.—Married by his son, Joseph, to the Widow of William Tilley, her third marriage.

May 26, 1720.—She dies very suddenly.

March 29, 1722.—Married by his son-in-law, the Rev. William Cooper, to the Widow of Robert Gibbs.

June 4, 1725.—Declined re-election to the Council, after thirty-three years of service under the Province Charter.

July 29, 1728.—Under increasing infirmities, resigns the offices of CHIEF JUSTICE AND JUDGE OF PROBATE.

January 1, 1730, N. S.—Judge Sewall dies, after a month's illness, in his seventy-eighth year. Of his seven sons and seven daughters, two of the former, and one of the latter, survive him.

Committed to the Hull Tomb, in the Granary Burial Ground.

Digitized by Google

SAMUEL ADAMS

BY THE

REV. EDWARD G. PORTER, A.M.

Digitized by Google

"HE SAT SERENE UPON THE FLOODS,
THEIR FURY TO RESTRAIN;
AND HE, AS SOVEREIGN LORD AND KING,
FOREVERMORE SHALL REIGN.

"THE LORD WILL GIVE HIS PEOPLE STRENGTH,
WHEREBY THEY SHALL INCREASE;
AND HE WILL BLESS HIS CHOSEN FLOCK
WITH EVERLASTING PEACE."

Digitized by Google

SAMUEL ADAMS.

THIS Church may well be congratulated to-night upon its inheritance of a long roll of names worthy to be commemorated by successive generations. It is a high distinction, rarely given to any church, to have had, not only among its ministers, but in the ranks of its lay members, such illustrious personages as those to whom yonder tablets are now consecrated.

A new sentiment will hereafter invest this beautiful building, drawn not merely from the enlarged and generous accommodations recently made for worshippers, but also from the memories which will be awakened here by the presence of these silent reminders of a glorious past. We honor ourselves by keeping thus before us the men whose names and achievements have been so conspicuously associated with our common faith and our common freedom.

From whatever point of view we regard Samuel Adams, we find him worthy of grateful remembrance and distinguished honor; whether as a private citizen, exemplary in all the walks of life, or as a public servant, discharging faithfully the many trusts that were committed to his care; whether we consider his brilliant intellectual endowments, or the virtues and graces of his devout Christian life; whether we admire most the lofty, intrepid, sagacious spirit which was always prepared for any crisis, or that equally characteristic and uncommon trait which led him to yield to others the re-

Digitized by Google

wards justly due to himself; whether we regard him as "the man of the town-meeting," or representative in the Assembly, or member of the Continental Congress, we see him in each and all of these positions exhibiting surprising ability, vast resources and incorruptible integrity. So many indeed are his claims to consideration in American history that the more our scholars have studied his life the more do they find themselves disposed to award him the highest praise both for what he was and for what he did. The real strength of such a character is seen in the clear, sharp lines in which he has impressed himself upon his generation and upon his country. Not one of his famous contemporaries has been honored with so many significant and distinguishing titles as he. In all our minds his name is associated with one or more of these familiar *soubriquets:* the Father of the Revolution; the American Cato; the Chief Incendiary; Tribune of the People; *Instar omnium;* the Cromwell of New England; the Last of the Puritans. It matters not whether these appellations originated among his friends or his enemies; they all express the strongly-marked personal supremacy of the man.

If it be asked why so great a man as Samuel Adams has waited almost a century for any suitable recognition at the hands of his countrymen, the answer is ready. We have neglected nearly all our ancient worthies until recently, giving them a very inadequate place both in literature and in art. We have tolerated rather than appreciated them in our history, assigning them any such accidental place as favor or prejudice might suggest. It may also be said that in most cases our fathers themselves failed to teach us the importance of historic memorials. They were generally busy men, absorbed in the work given them to do, and they had little thought for the record that would have to follow. And we too have been so occupied in the work of our own day that we have been sadly indifferent to the lessons which a faithful study of the past might have taught us.

But, happily, we have entered upon a new era in such matters. We have caught at last the inspiration which he-

Digitized by Google

roism and virtue ought to awaken in every patriotic heart. Already there are three statues of Samuel Adams in our country: one at Lexington erected ten years ago, another in the Capitol at Washington, and the third a conspicuous ornament of our own city since 1880. To these we now gratefully add the tablet which has been most appropriately placed on the walls of this sanctuary.

The Adams family have already an honored place upon the records of this church. Samuel the patriot was a member of it during the last fourteen years of his life. His parents and grandparents worshipped in its communion, and his mother was baptized and married by its ministers.

The church of God is designed to be the foster-mother of its children. It fulfils its functions only when it nourishes and developes the best types of manhood. It is allowed certain privileges, under our laws, from the conviction which the American people have had from the beginning, that it is the best supporter of the civil power and the surest guarantee of a pure and intelligent patriotism which the state possesses. And this claim for the church has been abundantly established in the history of New England, not only in the substance of its teaching, but in the men whom it has taught. It is an inevitable deduction of logic that such men as Samuel Adams are the visible product of the New England church. Nothing else could have made them what they were. They were born and nurtured, trained and moulded under its powerful and penetrating influence. No one questions that the strong theology and the republican government of these churches, under an enlightened ministry, created the sturdy and independent patriots who laid broad and deep the foundations of our liberties. The doctrine of human rights, which became so popular in the colonies, was really formulated and at last legalized by those who, under the prevailing system of religious teaching, had reasoned it out of the Sacred Scriptures as God's assured gift to man. It was certainly a growth, but a growth under the favorable conditions of a democratic church which was the first in the history of the world to edu-

Digitized by Google

cate all its people in the principles of civil and religious liberty.

We cannot disconnect this Puritan patriot from the earlier age out of which he sprang, and for which he ever cherished sentiments of the deepest reverence. Born in 1722, eight years before the death of Judge Sewall, and within a century of the settlement of Boston, he was near enough to the original founders of the colony to partake of their spirit and to carry on their work. His father, Samuel Adams, Senior, was the son of Captain John Adams, a descendant of that Henry Adams of Braintree, from whom came also the distinguished branch of the family which has always remained near the early homestead in what is now the town of Quincy.

Undoubtedly the subject of this sketch received his early bias in the direction of politics from his father, who was actively engaged in public affairs,[1] and who in 1724 was one of the founders of the famous Caulkers' Club, a political organization from which our word *caucus* is supposed to have been derived. That he was also prominent in ecclesiastical matters is shown by his being one of the organizers, and, later on, one of the deacons of the New South Church in Summer Street,[2] of which, in 1719, his relative Samuel Checkley became the first pastor.

Mrs. Adams[3] was a woman of deep religious principle, a true helpmeet to her husband, and faithful in her efforts to bring up her children in the fear of God and the practice of virtue. It is due to these parents to say that the healthful influences which they created in their home went far to produce that devout turn of mind which was always a prevailing trait in their distinguished son.

[1] He was a justice of the peace, a selectman of the town, and a representative in the Assembly. In his business as a brewer he accumulated considerable property.

[2] This enterprise was undertaken by Mr. Adams and thirteen others in 1715, for the purpose of having a place of worship nearer their homes. The new site would be very accessible to Purchase Street, where the Adams family then lived. It has been generally stated that Mr. Adams was a deacon of the Old South Church. As this is not proved by the records, it is probably a mistake arising from the fact that he was chosen deacon of the New South (in July, 1726, with Mr. Daniel Loring), and as he had previously been a member of the Old South (from 1706 to 1715) it was a natural inference that he had also held the office of deacon there.

[3] Mary, daughter of Richard Fifield of Boston.

Digitized by Google

Their house[1] in Purchase Street was a spacious and comfortable dwelling surrounded by a garden and commanding a fine view of the harbor. Here Samuel the patriot was born, being the second son in a family of twelve children. He was baptized on the day of his birth, Sunday, April 16, 1722. His early education was obtained at the public schools, and he was fitted for college under the elder Lovell. At the age of fourteen he was admitted to Harvard, where he made for himself an excellent record, acquiring such a familiarity with the classics that he was able through life to quote from them readily in his writings with much effect. He was also a diligent reader of the standard authors in philosophy, divinity and political science. The names of the students at that day were not arranged as now alphabetically, nor on the basis of scholarship, but according to the social standing of their families. This must have been a delicate matter for the authorities to arrange, but the custom was adhered to for thirty years after this. In the class of 1740, numbering twenty-two members, Samuel Adams ranked as fifth, while Samuel Langdon, afterwards the president of the college, was the eighteenth. It is interesting to notice that the first name in the list was that of Thomas Prince (died in 1748), son of the eminent pastor of this church. At one time Adams had looked forward to the ministry as his profession, encouraged by his parents and by the inclination of his own mind. He was deeply interested in the great religious awakening which had followed the preaching of Edwards and Whitefield, and under ordinary circumstances he would doubtless have continued his theological studies, but the political excitements of the time led him to think of the law as the field in which his duty might lie, and toward which his ardent nature was strongly inclined. But his father's pecuniary embarrassments[2] just at this time compelled

[1] Built by Mr. Adams about 1712; taken by the British troops during their occupation of Boston; not occupied by the family afterwards; sold to Philip Wentworth in 1802.

[2] In connection with the "Land Bank Scheme," or "Manufactory Company," as it was sometimes called, a joint-stock association organized by some of the leading men of Boston to relieve the distress occasioned by the depreciated currency and general decline of public credit. The scheme failed through the violent opposition of the Government which enforced an act against the existence of such companies.

Digitized by Google

him to turn his attention to mercantile business, for which he had no aptitude. His experience, however, was of value in strengthening his purpose to engage in public affairs as soon as the opportunity offered. On taking his Master's degree at Cambridge in 1743, at the early age of twenty-one, he chose for his thesis a subject which clearly indicated the arena upon which he would like to contend: "Whether it be lawful to resist the supreme magistrate if the commonwealth cannot otherwise be preserved." Boldly maintaining the affirmative, he laid down propositions which gave the key-note to his whole life. The contests which even at that early day were coming on between the Crown officers and the representatives of the people seemed to challenge his energies, and he was soon found organizing a political club and editing a newspaper. Both as a speaker and a writer young Adams engaged warmly in the discussion of public questions, and was soon recognized as a leader of no ordinary power. Many of his essays were directed against the administration of Shirley, whose civil and military measures he stoutly opposed as tending to subvert the "rights and liberties" of the colonists.

We are not surprised to learn that the business affairs of one so wholly given to politics would necessarily suffer. For a short time he was in the counting-room of Thomas Cushing.[1] Then he engaged in business for himself on a moderate capital furnished by his father. Failing in that he was reduced to very narrow circumstances. Soon after, his father died, leaving to him as the oldest son the care of the family and the settlement of the estate. The following year (October 17, 1749) he married Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. Samuel Checkley, a woman of rare excellence, with whom he lived but eight years, when she died, leaving two children.[2] A tender tribute to her is found in the family Bible,[3] written

[1] Father of the patriot of the same name.

[2] Samuel, afterwards a surgeon in the war, who died unmarried; and Hannah, who married Capt. Thomas Wells of the Continental Army.

[3] This Bible, which had belonged to the patriot's father, is a rare edition and contains interesting family records both by the father and the son. It afterwards became the property of Samuel G. Drake, and is now in the Livermore Collection at Cambridge. See N. Eng. Hist. and Geneal. Reg., vol. viii. p. 283.

Digitized by Google

on the day of her death: "To her husband she was as sincere a friend as she was a faithful wife. Her exact economy in all her relative capacities, her kindred on his side as well as her own admire. She ran her christian race with remarkable steadiness, and finished in triumph! She left two small children. God grant they may inherit her graces."

Seven years later (December 6, 1763, the Rev. Mr. Checkley officiating) Mr. Adams married for his second wife, Elizabeth, daughter of Francis Wells, an English merchant who had settled in Boston many years before. This union proved to be long and happy. Mrs. Adams possessed many accomplishments, not the least of which was her ability to make her home always attractive, even under privations such as are not often encountered by one in her position. Her prudence and thrift, combined with her strength of character and earnest piety, eminently fitted her to be the companion of a man whose life was largely engrossed in public affairs. Amid all the trials and vexations of political strife, he never failed to find in his home that repose and refreshment which he so much needed. He was a man of the finest sensibilities, able to appreciate the virtues and sacrifices of his wife, and ever ready to bestow upon her that affection and sympathy which belonged to his generous nature. The brief descriptions of their family life furnish us with an interesting picture of the domestic simplicity and order of a well-regulated Puritan home in the last century. It is a picture of contentment without riches, cheerfulness without hilarity, refinement without pride, and religion without hypocrisy. Friends were always welcome, and generously entertained, though hospitality on a large scale was impossible. Meetings of the Club[1] and of various committees were often held here, and occasionally persons of distinction from other places were invited. Books were not as numerous then as now, but such as they had were well selected and carefully read. Household worship, grace at meals, and the singing of psalms, were a daily exercise in

[1] The Caucus Club often met also at the opposite house of Thomas Dawes, who in 1763 was adjutant of the Boston Regiment.

Digitized by Google

which the family united. Mr. Adams was always fond of singing, and at one time was a member and a leader of the choir at church.[1] His two children were his special delight. He had a keen relish for their sports, and always enjoyed their company, directing their education in all its details, and giving them the benefit of his valuable counsel.

While the whole life of Samuel Adams, from the time of his leaving College to the end of his long career, was largely given to the public service, and while his name is associated with almost every great event during that period, his highest title to distinction, and the one that will be longest remembered, is the part he took in the great movement which led to the Revolution. To him more than to any other man must be assigned the honor of seeing the issue, initiating the measures and guiding the deliberations of that movement. Others there were who had a prominent part in it, men of great ability and the purest patriotism, to whom the country will always feel indebted; but of these, some, like Otis and Thacher and Joseph Warren, were removed from the scene before the work was done, while others like John Adams and the younger patriots, came to the front only in the later stages of the conflict. Nor is it any disparagement to men like Bowdoin and Hancock and Cushing and Hawley, to say that they were all led, in council as in action, by a commanding genius whose wisdom they clearly discerned and whose spirit they all admired.

This preëminent claim, which in the light of all the facts must be made for Samuel Adams, is amply supported by documents and can no longer be open to a doubt.

He organized the American Revolution. That is honor enough for any man to bear in history. Upon that I am willing that his fame should rest.

Many things conspired to prepare him for this task. His intense love of liberty he inherited from his father. His op-

[1] Stated in a MS. paper by James S. Loring, read before the New England Historic Genealogical Society in 1856. Also in a sermon upon Samuel Adams by the Rev. J. M. Manning D.D., delivered at the Old South in December, 1873.

Digitized by Google

position to the arbitrary measures of the Government became fixed in early life, when he keenly felt the injustice of a policy which had crippled his own family and caused wide-spread discontent. His skill in handling political questions was partly the result of his studies in law, and partly owing to the excellent apprenticeship which he allowed himself in the broad forum of discussion. His knowledge of men was widely extended by his unwelcome experience as tax collector.[1] His moral courage was the natural growth of his deep-seated religious conviction. His idea of independence was born of his faith. He saw it with a prophet's eye and hailed it afar.

With such an equipment of mind and conscience, of energy and faith, this ardent youth came upon the scene just in time to guide the popular cause in its infancy when it was threatened on all sides with the gravest perils. The sky was overcast with clouds, and the mutterings of thunder were heard all along the horizon. A storm was coming; that was evident; but where it would break and what it would bring, no one knew. The prudent and the timid kept themselves under cover, and were silent. The few who dared to think of navigating their frail bark in such angry waters clung together and kept a sharp lookout, waiting for events. Then it was that our patriot-hero came forward and took the helm with a fearless hand, and held it firmly till the storm was over. Little do we care now for the charges that he neglected his business to engage in politics, that he never would be thrifty because he spent his time in writing inflammatory articles for the newspapers, hanging about ship-yards and organizing political clubs. Of what interest to us now are the ledger-books in Cushing's counting-room, or the Malt-house in Purchase Street, or the delinquent tax list of 1763? We can afford to lose a poor merchant to gain a "masterly statesman." We can bear with perfect equanimity such derisive epithets as "Sam the Maltster," and "Samuel the Publican." The satirists may make sport of him, the tories

[1] 1763–65. A difficult and most unpopular service in such hard times, but turned to good account in this case, notwithstanding the odium it excited.

Digitized by Google

may denounce him, and even the whigs may for a time refuse him their support. It matters not. His soul is bent on liberty, and nothing else will silence either his tongue or his pen. He hears the voice of his country beckoning him on, and he springs to her aid with an ardor and a heroism that have never been surpassed.

It was at a memorable town-meeting in Faneuil Hall in the year 1764, when Adams, at the age of forty-two, was appointed on a committee to draft instructions for the newly-chosen representatives to the General Court.[1] Intelligence had just been received from England of a design to tax the colonies and place the revenue at the disposal of Parliament. The town was thoroughly aroused by this report, and the feeling found expression in the unmistakable language of the instructions—still preserved in Adams's handwriting—which contained the first public denial of parliamentary supremacy, and the first suggestion ever made of a union of the colonies for self-protection. This was a year before the remonstrance of Patrick Henry in Virginia, and it must ever be regarded as the earliest foreshadowing of the policy which afterwards prevailed throughout the country.

The following year, Adams was sent to the Legislature, where he remained for ten years, being annually reëlected during the most exciting and eventful period in the history of Massachusetts. Nearly all this time he was clerk of the House, a position which gave him full opportunity for the exercise of his unrivalled gifts in the preparation of state papers, addresses, protests, and other documents, while at the same time he conducted an enormous correspondence both public and private. These writings will bear the closest scrutiny. They are, indeed, master-pieces of political discussion. The more they have been studied, the greater has been the admiration which they have awakened for their profound wisdom, their logical method and their bold yet constitutional demands. They are remarkable not so much

[1] The Boston representatives that year were Otis, Thacher, Cushing and Gray. Richard Dana was on the committee with Adams to prepare the instructions.

Digitized by Google

for their rhetorical style as for their simple and direct statements of the inalienable rights of the people. They succeed in so putting the case as to keep the law on their side, while exposing the injustice and danger of the Government's position. They contain the most advanced principles of the age, brought within the comprehension of the plainest citizen. They all have one clear, melodious ring, that of liberty, Heaven's gift, Britain's pledge, America's lawful inheritance.

Conspicuous among these papers are the "Massachusetts Resolves," in reply to Governor Bernard; the famous "Circular Letter," addressed to all the Provincial Assemblies; the "True Sentiments of America," a communication sent to the Massachusetts agent in London and intended for the ministry; "An Appeal to the World," an eloquent paper printed by order of the town, vindicating the patriot cause from the aspersions of its enemies; and the "Rights of the Colonists, as Men, as Christians and as Subjects," the first statement of principles made by the renowned Committee of Correspondence, and, in fact, the precursor of the Declaration of Independence.

And not only was Adams a leader with his pen. He was ever ready with his voice, often advocating in debate the measures which he had framed so skilfully at his desk. He was also most efficient in the organization of committees, selecting the right men for the right place, continually attending caucuses and popular gatherings, encouraging the timid, arousing the indifferent and attaching firmly to the cause many who, but for him, would have been found in the ranks of the enemy. John Adams is authority[1] for saying that his illustrious kinsman during those years was in the habit of watching for young men of promise in order to gain their friendship, warn them against the hostile designs of England, and secure them in the defence of their country. He enumerates, among these, John Hancock, Dr. Warren and Josiah Quincy. By the same influence, John Adams was himself first brought promi-

[1] Correspondence, X. 364.

Digitized by Google

nently into notice at a town-meeting in 1765, when his cousin, as chairman, had him appointed to speak for the town before the Governor and Council.[1] The next year, Hancock was indebted for his seat in the Legislature to the nomination made in his favor by Samuel Adams, who was fifteen years his senior. Hancock had failed of an election previously, and, on this occasion, Mr. John Rowe, an influential merchant of Boston,[2] had been proposed for the position, when Adams, turning his eyes towards Hancock's house, said, knowingly, "Is there not another John that may do better?"[3] The hint was taken, and a valuable supporter was gained with all his wealth and subsequent popularity.

This rare ability to detect talent and bring it into public service was one of the marked traits of the great organizer; and it gave him increasing influence among the people who were not slow to discern the purity of his motives, when they saw the unselfish nature of the man who, though the prime mover in the cause, was always yielding the precedence to others, and willing to give away the honors which belonged to himself. No doubt he enjoyed the ascendancy which he obtained in the provincial councils and in the popular heart, but he never abused it for political favor or private gain. The confidence reposed in him was a magnificent tribute both to his intellectual power and his moral worth. Men followed him because they saw that he was fitted to lead; they looked up to him because they felt that he was above them; they trusted him because they knew that their interests were safe in the hands of one whose whole life was known to be governed by a sense of duty both to God and man.

When Hutchinson called Samuel Adams "Master of the Puppets,"[4] he showed that he understood whom he was contending with, however uncomplimentary the name which he gave to the other patriots. There was no doubt in any quarter who the master spirit of this great movement was. It

[1] Wells's Life of S. Adams, I. 33 n.
[2] See Mem. Hist. Boston, Vol. II.
[3] Gordon's Hist. Amer. War, I. 154.
[4] Quoted by J. K. Hosmer from MS letter of July 10, 1773, in Massachusetts Archives.

Digitized by Google

was as well known in England as in Boston; and efforts were repeatedly made to silence his opposition. Plans of seizure and transportation for trial were talked of; offers were made to his friends to persuade them to withdraw from his leadership; and in view of his well-known poverty, the inquiry came to Hutchinson from Government circles abroad, "Why hath not Mr. Adams been taken off from his opposition by an office?" To this the Governor replied in language which, in this case at least, shows the correctness of his judgment, "Such is the obstinacy and inflexible disposition of the man, that he never would be conciliated by any office or gift whatever."[1]

A little later, when Gage was governor, he sent a confidential message to Adams by Colonel Fenton, to propose an adjustment of the difficulties between them. The Colonel stated that he was empowered to confer upon Adams such benefits as would be satisfactory, upon the condition that he would cease opposing the administration, and that it was the advice of the Governor not to incur the displeasure of his Majesty by rendering himself liable to the penalties of an act of Henry VIII., while, by changing his course, he would not only receive great personal advantages, but would thereby make his peace with the King. Adams arose and replied, "Sir, I trust I have long since made my peace with the King of Kings. No personal consideration shall induce me to abandon the righteous cause of my country. Tell Governor Gage it is the advice of Samuel Adams to him, no longer to insult the feelings of an exasperated people."[2]

It must ever be to Americans an occasion of pride that their liberties were achieved by men who, brave as they were in resisting oppression by force of arms, showed equal courage in refusing all offers to surrender their cause for any considerations of emolument or position. "Incorruptible," is a name which Samuel Adams has left to his country, blazoned in letters of fire upon our early history. Let it be held up to

[1] See Thacher's sermon at Dedham, Oct. 9, 1803. Given by Wells, III. 394. Statement made by Samuel Dexter.

[2] Wells, II. 193.

Digitized by Google

the gaze of men to-day, that our politicians may see it, that our statesmen may study its meaning, and that our people may write it out again large and clear in their own lives, and so be worthy of their freedom.

> "God give us men! A time like this demands
> Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands;
> Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
> Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
> Men who possess opinions and a will;
> Men who have honor,—men who will not lie;
> * * * * * * *
> Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
> In public duty and in private thinking."

The habit of calm and deep reflection, which was a well known characteristic of Mr. Adams, led him at a very early day to anticipate the possibility of a rupture of the tie which held the colonies to the mother-country. His thorough discussion of the questions at issue, and his interpretation of the purposes of Great Britain, convinced him that, in certain contingencies, an effort for political independence would necessarily be the result of the controversy. It was the part of a statesman to contemplate those contingencies, and, in his own mind at least, to provide for their appearance. Men had speculated upon the subject in Europe as well as here; and the occasional disputes between the government officers and the colonists had for a long time tended to weaken the respect of the people of New England for the Government as it was then administered. But their devotion to the sovereign remained firm. Their affection for the old country was not seriously shaken. They sometimes blustered, as good subjects of the Queen do in England to-day, but it was always, and only, to maintain their rights as British subjects. It would not have been strange, indeed, if in defending their cause as they often did under provocation, they should have sometimes threatened separation; but this does not appear to have been done until the existing troubles had reached a crisis. Hutchinson[1] says

[1] Hist. Mass. Bay, III. 134.

Digitized by Google

that Adams advocated the doctrine of independence in private, and "made advances towards it in public," as early as 1765, but there is no evidence of this in his papers; on the contrary, they all at that period show feelings of decided loyalty. Writing to the provincial agent at London, in December of the same year, with reference to the report that the colonists were struggling for independence, he says: "It is neither their interest, nor have they ever shown the least disposition to be independent of Great Britain. They have always prided themselves on being British subjects, and have with the greatest cheerfulness done everything in their power to promote the common cause of the nation. And we have reason to believe that the colonists will ever remain firmly attached to the mother country." And again (in May, 1768) he writes: "I pray God that harmony may be cultivated between Great Britain and the colonies, and that they may long flourish in one undivided empire."

These are the sentiments of an honest man, who, though he spoke for the assembly, doubtless believed what he said. And yet it is easy to see how some of his utterances on this subject may have given a wrong impression. Thus in a letter of about the same date, he says there is no apprehension of anything like a struggle for independence, "and," he adds, "I dare say there never will be, unless Great Britain shall exert her power to destroy their liberties."[1] This last clause is no doubt a key to his opinions at this time. He was not in favor of independence, did not advocate it, and did not intend to, *unless it should become necessary*. That there was a possibility of this, he was far-seeing enough to imagine; and for a long time we know that his mind was deeply exercised upon it. All the excitement connected with the Stamp Act must have weighed in this direction; and although its repeal was hailed with joy, it was soon seen that the parliamentary reservation accompanying it had left the principle at stake untouched. This could not be forgotten, especially when followed so soon by the Townshend revenue acts, the

[1] Wells, I. 146.

Digitized by Google

impressment of seamen, the seizure of Hancock's sloop, and the quartering of a large force of royal troops on the province. All this served only to widen the breach and compel a patriot like Adams, ever solicitous for the public welfare, to take the position which at last by the events of 1768 he was driven to take. To his mind, there was no alternative but abject submission, and that, he well knew, the colonists would never accept. All the authorities agree that he was the first man in America to believe in a separation, and boldly to declare for it. "The approach of military rule," says Bancroft,[1] "convinced Samuel Adams of the necessity of American Independence. From this moment he struggled for it deliberately and unremittingly, as became one who delighted in the stern creed of Calvin, which, wherever it has prevailed, in Geneva, Holland, Scotland, Puritan England, New England, has spread intelligence, severity of morals, love of freedom and courage. . . . . Henceforward one high service absorbed his soul—the independence of his country."

For a long time he stood almost alone in maintaining this position. The other patriots clung to the hope that some adjustment of the difficulties could be found. At a town-meeting in 1769, objection was made to a certain motion because it implied that the colonists were independent of parliament, whereupon Mr. Adams with characteristic boldness replied, "Independent we are and independent we will be."[1] This was more than any one else dared to say, but the very utterance of it in a public meeting helped to formulate the new doctrine, in the minds of many, and to prepare the way for its more general acceptance.

Meanwhile the logic of events was rapidly furnishing arguments which carried conviction where words might have failed. The presence of a standing army in the peaceful town of Boston, with a powerful fleet guarding the harbor, was a perpetual annoyance to the citizens who were obliged to witness parades and to answer the challenge of sentinels posted at the public buildings and at officers' quarters. The

[1] Hist. U. S., VI. 192.

[1] Hutchinson's Hist., III. 264.

Digitized by Google

common was made a camping ground for soldiers, and used for horse-racing. Cannon were planted in King Street in front of the town-house as if to overawe the representatives assembled in the General Court. The Puritan Sabbath was violated by the tread of armed men changing guard, with the noisy drum and fife playing "Nancy Dawson" and "Yankee Doodle," as the people were going to their places of worship.

Petitions from the town and the assembly for the removal of the troops being ineffectual, the latter body declined to legislate in the presence of an armed force, and were accordingly adjourned to Cambridge by Governor Bernard, who, adding insult to injury, soon after demanded an appropriation to cover the expenses of quartering the troops. Upon the refusal of this demand, he prorogued the court and sailed for England, threatening to lay their conduct before the King. This was the Governor who said of Samuel Adams, whom he found a perpetual thorn in his side, "Every dip of his pen stings like a horned snake."

Lieutenant Governor Hutchinson, a much abler man, now assumed the reins of government. He had filled nearly all the important offices in the Province, and was by far the most conspicuous man on the tory side. In ordinary times he would have made a brilliant record as the chief executive, but in this great emergency he tried to do what could not be done, and was doomed to failure, after incurring the severest criticism and odium of his countrymen.[1]

It was with the greatest difficulty that the patriot leaders in Boston restrained the inhabitants from coming into collision with the troops. At times the Sons of Liberty were aroused to a high pitch of excitement, issuing placards, and holding themselves in readiness to make a demonstration. The newspapers were continually asking what the regiments were there

[1] The recent publication of Hutchinson's Diary and Letters sheds a more favorable light upon his character, and will serve to correct in a measure the harsh verdict which the party feeling and inevitable bitterness of his contemporaries had rendered against him. His history of the Province has always been regarded as of the highest authority.

See article by the Rev. George E. Ellis, D.D., *Atlantic Monthly*, May, 1884.

Digitized by Google

for, and why they were retained so long. Sharp words often passed between the soldiers and the populace on the streets. But the wise caution of the leaders prevailed, and the people generally were governed by that self-respect and love of order which have always characterized our citizens. Their demand was loud and determined, but not violent. Samuel Adams expressed the common feeling when he said that the troops seemed to be employed only "to parade the streets of Boston, and, by their ridiculous merry-andrew tricks, to become the object of contempt of the women and children." "They must move to the Castle," he said. "It must be the first business of the General Court to move them out of town." And Dr. Cooper urged the same, adding, "They greatly corrupt our morals, and are in every sense an oppression. May Heaven soon deliver us from this great evil."

At last, after seventeen months of military rule, the dreaded collision occurred in King street, under the windows of the town-house, on the memorable fifth of March, 1770. Blood was shed by soldiers of the 29th Regiment firing upon unarmed citizens. This event, known as the Boston Massacre, produced the greatest possible consternation. The news of it flew, like wild fire, and the cry was everywhere, "To arms!" Late in the evening, order was restored by the Lieutenant Governor, who appeared upon the scene, and in obedience to the demands of his indignant townsmen, secured the retirement of the troops to their barracks, and promised an immediate court of inquiry.

The next morning a crowded mass meeting was held in Faneuil Hall, opened with prayer by Dr. Cooper. After reports had been given by various eye-witnesses of the tragedy, the meeting was addressed by Samuel Adams, who spoke with great solemnity and pathos, moving all hearts by his resolute and impressive manner. He was then appointed on a committee of fifteen to wait upon the Lieutenant Governor and inform him that it was the unanimous voice of the meeting that nothing could restore peace but the immediate removal of the troops. A town-meeting was then officially

Digitized by Google

notified to be held at the same place at three o'clock in the afternoon.

Hutchinson received the committee and listened to their communication, but as he was not then prepared to give a reply, they withdrew to allow him time to consult the Council, then in session, and also Colonel Dalrymple the commanding officer. The result, which was given to the committee in writing, was that the 29th Regiment, which had been particularly concerned in the disturbances, would be sent to the Castle, and only the 14th retained in town.

At the appointed hour, Faneuil Hall was again filled to overflowing, and so large was the number unable to gain admission that the meeting was adjourned to the Old South—"Dr. Sewall's meeting-house," as it was commonly called.[1] We can readily follow the stream of people wending its way by the old State-house to the new rendezvous. It is not a tumultuous mob, flaunting banners and filling the air with derisive shouts, but a throng of intelligent and serious-minded men, charged with a sacred duty, "men who pray over what they do," and act as those who must give account. Such men are not to be resisted, much less can they be trifled with. The hour is a momentous one in their history, for which the way has long been preparing. The excitement of the previous night has led to a deep-seated resolve in every breast, that the cause of such an event must now be removed. They are conscious of possessing the right, and, if need be, the power to enforce this demand.

The Old South was soon filled to its utmost capacity, and a vast concourse of people, many of them from the surrounding towns, stood in the streets, eagerly waiting for the result. Presently the word passed along, "Make way for the Committee!" and the crowd willingly fell back to allow the deputation of fifteen to pass from the town-house on their way to report to the meeting. No one knew what their answer

[1] Dr. Joseph Sewall, son of Chief-Justice Sewall, had died the previous year after a pastorate of fifty-six years, during which he had been assisted by four colleagues. The Old South Meeting-house, with its spacious galleries, could hold a much larger audience than the Faneuil Hall of that day.

Digitized by Google

would be, but it was soon surmised when Samuel Adams, leading the way with uncovered head, bowed to his friends on either side and said, in a calm and determined tone, "Both Regiments or none!" The multitude caught the meaning, and took up the watchword which exactly expressed their feeling, "Both Regiments or none!"

Adams read the answer to the meeting and pronounced it insufficient. The moderator, Thomas Cushing, then put the question, "Is this satisfactory?" and instantly from three thousand voices came one prolonged, defiant "No!" like the roar of thunder, loud enough to shake the roof. Yet so orderly was the meeting that the usual opportunity was given for any person of a different mind to speak, and the town-clerk, William Cooper, faithfully records that there was "one dissentient." A committee of seven[1] was then chosen to inform the Lieutenant Governor of the town's unalterable decision.

Let us go with this committee to the council chamber and observe the proceedings at their memorable interview. Doubtless there is no single occasion in the whole history of Boston which can equal this in the dignity of the persons assembled, in the gravity of the question at issue and in the dramatic coloring with which it has been invested in the authentic accounts which have come down to us. The chamber was of the same size and general appearance then as now. Its walls were adorned with full-length portraits of Charles II. and James II., together with smaller portraits of Winthrop, Bradstreet, Endicott and Belcher. The Lieutenant Governor sat at the end of a long table around which were grouped the Councillors of the Province, twenty-eight in number, with the highest officers of the Army and Navy on the station; all clad in the rich and variegated dress of the time, according to rank. We can imagine the scarlet coats, gold and silver lace, elaborate ruffles, white wigs and brilliant uniforms. Nor can we forget the approaching twilight and the waiting

[1] Samuel Adams, John Hancock, Joseph Warren, Joshua Henshaw and William Molineux, William Phillips, Samuel Pemberton.

Digitized by Google

throng without, which must have added a weird significance to the scene.

Before this imposing tribunal stood Samuel Adams at the head of his committee, announcing the vote of the town and stating that nothing would satisfy them but the prompt removal of all the troops. "The troops are not subject to my authority," replied Hutchinson, "I have no power to remove them." The patriot was not to be dismayed by this evasive answer. He had evidently anticipated it; and now, drawing strength from the energies of his soul, he took a firm position, and while all eyes were fastened upon him, he gazed at his antagonist for a moment, and then, with measured words and impressive gesture, he calmly replied: "If you have power to remove *one* regiment, you have power to remove *both*. It is at your peril if you do not. The meeting is composed of three thousand people. They are become very impatient. A thousand men are already arrived from the neighborhood, and the country is in general motion. On you alone rests the responsibility of the decision; and if the just expectations of the people are disappointed you must be answerable to God and your country for the fatal consequences that must ensue. The committee have discharged their duty, and it is for you to discharge yours. Night is approaching. An immediate answer is expected."[1]

Such was the ultimatum which Samuel Adams, in the name of the people, laid down in that council chamber. Its effect upon Hutchinson is narrated by Adams himself in a subsequent letter to a friend, in which he says: "I observed his knees to tremble; I thought I saw his face grow pale; and I enjoyed the sight."

One can hardly read this account without being reminded of some of the great interviews in history, such as Paul before Felix, Luther at Worms, or John Knox before Mary Stuart. The scene will some day find an artist who, grasping its meaning and using its ample resources, will give to America

[1] Bancroft, VI. 344. Frothingham's Warren, 145. Wells, I. 322.

Digitized by Google

a canvas which will worthily portray the "Father of the Revolution" in the moment of his greatest triumph. Copley's famous portrait of Adams, painted for Hancock, and now hanging in Faneuil Hall, represents the patriot standing before Hutchinson on this occasion, holding in one hand the message from his exasperated townsmen, and with the other pointing to the charter of their liberties lying upon the table. The attitude is bold and dignified, the face lofty and resolute, and the one inflexible purpose of the speaker dominant over all.

The sculptor's art has also, in our own time, done excellent justice to the inspiring theme. The noble statue in marble, by Miss Whitney, presented a few years ago by the State of Massachusetts to the Nation's hall of worthies at the Capitol, fitly commemorates the heroic spirit of the man who wrung from arbitrary power this notable concession to the demands of the people. A bronze statue of Adams, from the same model with slight changes, now occupies a prominent place in our city, midway between the ancient halls which so often echoed to the sound of his voice. He has finished speaking and is standing erect with folded arms and compressed lips, calmly awaiting the answer of the Lieutenant Governor.

That answer came at last, and the pledge was given that the will of the town should be obeyed. The committee made their report; the people quietly dispersed; and the troops—henceforth to be known as "The Sam Adams Regiments"—were sent to the Castle.

Notwithstanding the great relief which this decision gave to the town, Adams allowed himself no respite. Others dismissed the matter and went about their ordinary affairs, thinking that all trouble was now over, but he redoubled his energies and worked incessantly in private and in public, organizing new measures, writing for the Gazette, and drafting resolutions, protests and letters of instruction for the Assembly. He was the most active political writer in the Province, the chief adviser in the caucus, and the very soul

Digitized by Google

of the town-meeting. Indeed from all accounts it seems as if nothing was done without him. The annual celebrations of the Boston massacre, which became so popular, were largely of his planning. Modestly keeping himself in the back-ground as far as possible, he was always putting able and trustworthy patriots before the people as orators, moderators, and committees. He advocated with great zeal the "non-importation agreement," and the union of towns and colonies in the support of all matters of common interest, especially in connection with his masterly scheme of the "Committees of Correspondence," until at length his voice was heard for a Continental Congress.

This was in the summer of 1773, when the news of the tea tax aroused a universal spirit of resistance. It was known to be an insidious measure skilfully contrived to collect a duty without apparent cost to the purchaser, the tribute being nominally paid by the East India Company in London. But it was only another test case, involving a recognition of the supremacy of Parliament, and everyone understood it. "Are the Americans such blockheads," said some one in New York, "as to care whether it be a hot red poker or a red hot poker which they are to swallow, provided Lord North forces them to swallow one of the two?" The whole country was in a blaze about this, and nothing that England could have done would have served to unite the colonies more thoroughly. Adams saw it, and immediately appealed through the press, and by the circulars of his committee, "for a Congress of American States to frame a Bill of Rights." He had indeed been working towards this for two years, as may be seen in his letters to Arthur Lee, in 1771, in which he suggests an annual meeting of deputies from all the Colonies. "This is a sudden thought," he says, "and drops undigested from my pen." "I have long been of opinion that America herself, under God, must finally work out her own salvation."

While engaged in spreading this sentiment as widely as possible, Adams was also busy with his fellow-patriots mak-

Digitized by Google

ing arrangements for the proper reception of the "detested tea." The consignees were cautioned in advance by the "Liberty Tree" committee. The clubs and newspapers were of one mind on the subject. Numerous town meetings were held, first in Faneuil Hall and then in the Old South, at which it was unanimously determined, upon Adams's motion, that the tea should be sent back and that no duty should be paid upon it. It was a difficult matter to convince the authorities that this vote of the town was imperative. Everything was done by the leaders in the way of warning, personal visitation and reasonable delays, to facilitate the execution of the people's order, but official obstructions prevented up to the very last day before the ships would be subject to confiscation. That was the memorable Thursday, the sixteenth of December—that day of days in Boston history—when the largest town meeting that was ever held, numbering, it is said, seven thousand men, filled the Old South and all its approaches. The deliberations of the morning were adjourned to three o'clock to allow time for Rotch, the owner of the "Dartmouth," who had been refused a clearance at the Custom House, to obtain the necessary sailing-permit of the Governor, then at his country-seat in Milton. The afternoon session was prolonged for hours waiting for the merchant's return. Addresses were made by Adams, Young, Quincy and others, and the vote was taken again, and without a dissenting voice, that the tea should in no case be landed. "Who knows," said Rowe, "how tea will mingle with salt water?" a remark which elicited loud applause. We cannot but respect the patience of such a gathering, and the restraining influence exercised by the leaders at this critical juncture. Night is drawing on. The speeches have all been made, and now there are long intervals of silence. Only a few faces can be distinguished in the dim candle-light. In the pulpit sits Samuel Adams, the moderator, whose presence there is enough to control any assembly on any occasion. Some in that company—perhaps not many—are in the well-kept secret which is likely soon to astonish

Digitized by Google

the town. Others not far away—a dauntless band—are holding themselves in readiness for the signal. And yet all is quiet, profoundly quiet.

At last, about six o'clock, Rotch appeared and reported that the Governor had refused the pass. Then the moderator rose and said, "This meeting can do nothing more to save the country."

Scarcely had the words fallen from his lips, when a war-whoop was heard at the door, and a band of men, disguised as Indians, swept by on their way to Griffin's wharf, followed by the crowd. The tea-ships were boarded and placed under guard, while the "braves" in the light of the moon removed the hatches, hoisted the chests upon deck, and emptied all their contents into the sea. There was no resistance, no noise, no exultation. When the work was done, they all retired quietly to their homes, and by ten o'clock that night a Sabbath stillness prevailed throughout the town.

"I think we have put our enemies in the wrong," wrote Adams a few days after, "and they must in the judgment of rational men be answerable for the destruction of the tea which their own obduracy had rendered necessary. Notwithstanding what your Tories have given out, the people here are universally pleased, excepting the disconcerted Hutchinson and his few, very few adherents." A little later he added: "It is our duty at all hazards to preserve the public liberty. Righteous Heaven will graciously smile on every manly and rational attempt to secure the best of all His gifts to man from the ravishing hand of lawless and brutal power."[1]

The little town hardly knew what vials of wrath it was opening upon its own head. Parliamentary vengeance was swift and sure. Acts were passed closing the port of Boston, changing the constitution of the Province, and authorizing the Governor to bring to punishment the leaders of the movement, chief of whom was Samuel Adams. General

[1] From original letters to James Warren, of Plymouth, dated Dec. 28, 1773, and March 31, 1774, now in the possession of Winslow Warren, Esq.

Digitized by Google

Gage with a large military force was now ordered to succeed Hutchinson, whose authority had gradually dwindled away. Rigorous measures were everywhere enforced, and much suffering ensued from the loss of trade. But this only nerved the hearts of patriots in all the Colonies, and brought them together in the bonds of sympathy as never before.

Circular letters, drafted by Adams and submitted by the Boston Committee, were carried by Paul Revere to New York and Philadelphia, conveying a loud and eloquent appeal to the country. Responses came back in quick succession from towns and legislatures, pledging their support to the "common cause."

An opportunity for the full expression of this sentiment was soon given by the meeting of the first Congress at Philadelphia, in September, 1774,—a meeting proposed by Adams, in the General Court at Salem, in June. Fifty-five delegates met for the first time in one body, to act for the country at large. It was felt to be a momentous occasion, and many were not without grave apprehensions as to the results. After the organization it was proposed that Congress should open with prayer; but objection was made by Jay and Rutledge, on account of the diversity of religious views among the members. This moved Samuel Adams to rise and say that "he was no bigot and could hear a prayer from a gentleman of piety and virtue who was at the same time a friend to his country. He was a stranger in Philadelphia, but had heard that Mr. Duché," an Episcopal clergyman resident there, deserved that character. He therefore moved that Mr. Duché be invited to officiate on the following morning. The motion was carried, and the "first prayer in Congress" became a subject of universal interest, touching the hearts of those who heard it, and by its patriotic petitions serving as a symbol of that political union towards which the country was rapidly tending.

But it was conciliation and not yet independence that was talked of in this body. The members were divided into two parties, but not even the party of liberty contemplated so

Digitized by Google

radical a project as separation. Adams knew this, and was too wise to force his policy prematurely. He therefore contented himself with general measures in which all could join. Thus he escaped needless controversy, and at the same time employed the energies of his mind in preparing the way for united counsels when the real question should arise. That he was not idle we learn from Galloway, the Loyalist member, who wrote of him: "He eats little, drinks little, sleeps little, thinks much, and is most decisive and indefatigable in the pursuit of his objects."

The operation of the Port Act had given Mr. Adams much anxiety lest it should provoke to deeds of violence, and so bring on a premature conflict, which he deprecated as much as he did submission itself. This feeling found expression in a letter to James Warren: "I beseech you to implore every friend in Boston, by everything dear and sacred to men of sense and virtue, to avoid blood and tumult. They will have time enough to die. Let them give the other provinces opportunity to think and resolve. Rash spirits that would by their impetuosity involve us in unsurmountable difficulties will be left to perish by themselves . . . Nothing can ruin us but our violence. Reason teaches this . . . These are the sentiments of a man who, you know, my dear sir, loves the people of Boston and that government with the tenderness of a brother."[1]

On returning to Massachusetts at the close of the session, Adams found more work than ever awaiting him in the proceedings of the Provincial Congress, which, in his absence, had superseded the General Court. Boston was now blockaded and bristling with arms. His first endeavor, as chairman of his committee, was to warn the people of the rapidly increasing dangers that surrounded them, and to recommend immediate military preparations. "Our safety," he says, in a letter to Arthur Lee, "depends upon our being in readiness for the extreme event. Of this the people here are thoroughly

[1] From the Winslow Warren collection.

Digitized by Google

sensible, and from the preparations they are making, I trust in God they will defend their liberties with dignity."

March comes round, and with it the usual commemoration of the "horrid massacre." Warren gives the oration in the Old South, and Adams again appears as moderator, in the pulpit which is heavily draped for the occasion. About forty British officers are sitting in the front pews and on the pulpit stairs. One of them holds up a handful of bullets directly under the orator's eye. Warren quietly drops his handkerchief upon them without pausing in his discourse. Several attempts are made to disturb the meeting by groans and hisses, but order is maintained by the moderator, through whose efforts a collision, for which all the elements are present, is happily averted. The air, however, was now so heavily charged with war that an outbreak was likely to occur at any time. So Adams thought, and so he was continually saying. It came sooner than many expected, but it was no surprise to him. He could even exult over the scene on Lexington Common, as from the neighboring hill he saw the glistening bayonets and heard the deadly fire. "What a glorious morning for America!" he exclaimed to Hancock, as if with prophetic vision he saw the veil removed, and the independence of his country portrayed in the sunlight of its new-born glory.[1]

But his long cherished hopes were not yet to be realized. The people everywhere flew to arms upon the instant, showing a bold and united front, although they still looked for concessions as soon as England should see that they were in earnest. So general was this feeling that the question of independence was not so much as raised at Philadelphia during the next session of Congress. Even John Adams and Jefferson, Franklin and Washington were not in favor of it. They all dreaded the idea of cutting loose from the parent country, and they naturally shrank from the task of creating an en-

[1] After the adjournment of the Provincial Congress at Concord, April 15, Adams and Hancock were spending a few days in Lexington with the Rev. Jonas Clark, a relative of Hancock's, and an ardent patriot, whose house indeed had often been a resort of the leaders in council when they sought that privacy which British espionage rendered insecure in Boston.

Digitized by Google

tirely new government. But Samuel Adams saw that the nineteenth of April had put an end to British rule in the colonies, and in every possible way he urged the assertion of the fact. "Is not America already independent?" he wrote to Dr. Cooper; "Why then not declare it? . . . Can nations at war be said to be dependent, either upon the other? I ask you again, why not declare for independence?"[1] And a little later, writing from Philadelphia to James Warren, he said: "You know my temper. Perhaps I may be too impatient. I have long wished for the determination of some momentous questions. If delay shall prove mischievous, I shall have no reason to reflect upon myself. Every one here knows what my sentiments have been."[2]

The same combination of patience and energy and tact, by which Adams had invariably carried the Boston town-meeting, came to his support in Congress, bringing round one and another to his way of thinking, until at last, after all the vexatious hindrances and repeated postponements, the immortal Declaration was given to the world, crowning with a nation's approval what must ever be regarded as the greatest life-work of Samuel Adams. As his distinguished kinsman said of him, "he was born and tempered a wedge of steel to split the knot of *lignum-vitæ* which tied North America to Great Britain." If he had done nothing else, his championship of the doctrine of independence through all its stages would have entitled him to the lasting gratitude of his countrymen. For this, if for no other service, as George Clymer truly said, "all good Americans should erect a statue to him in their hearts."

For seven years, Adams remained in Congress, actively engaged in its absorbing work. Many of its greatest measures were framed by his wisdom and carried by his indefatigable exertions. His name appears on almost all the prominent committees, and often as the chairman. He seconded the motion of John Adams appointing Washington General-in-chief of the army. He urged the building of a navy. He favored

[1] Wells, II. 393.

[2] From the Winslow Warren Collection.

Digitized by Google

long enlistments. He advocated an early representation at foreign courts, and was pleased with the prospect of a French alliance. In the gloomiest days of the war, when a succession of reverses had followed the American arms, and when many hearts were filled with fear, Adams was calm and cheerful. "A patriot," he said, "may grieve at the distress of his country, but he will never despair. . . . Our affairs, it is said, are desperate. If this be our language, they are indeed. . . . If we despond, public confidence is destroyed. But we are not driven to such narrow straits. . . . Our burdens, though grievous, can be borne. Our losses, though great, can be retrieved. Through the darkness which shrouds our prospects, the ark of safety is visible. . . . We have appealed to Heaven for the justice of our cause, and in Heaven have we placed our trust. . . . In the gloomy period of adversity we have had our 'cloud by day and pillar of fire by night.' We have been reduced to distress, and the arm of Omnipotence has raised us up. Let us still rely in humble confidence on Him who is mighty to save."

During his long term of congressional service Mr. Adams was also called to fill various responsible positions at home. Some of the time he held as many as six important offices at once, being Secretary of State for Massachusetts, member of the Council, representative in the Legislature, delegate to the State Constitutional Convention,[1] and member of the Board of War. Upon the ratification of the articles of confederation, in 1781, he retired from Congress, and again took up his residence in Boston. His house in Purchase Street had been rendered uninhabitable by the British during their occupation, and his family had lived with friends at Dedham and Cambridge.[2]

[1] It is said that the Constitution of Massachusetts bears marks of greater deliberation and study than that of any other State. One can easily trace Adams's thought and language in many of its phrases.

[2] After the evacuation, the Adams family lived for a period, it is said, in the confiscated mansion of Governor Hutchinson in Garden Court St. See James S. Loring's MS. paper read before the N. E. Hist. Gen. Soc. 1856. If this is true, it is a very suggestive fact, in the turn of fortune's wheel, that the roof of the chief Tory should so soon have covered the "Chief Incendiary." Wells states (III. 52, 135-6) that the confiscated house of Robert Hallowell was obtained by Adams from the Legislature at a nominal rent for some years.

Digitized by Google

Without any home of his own, he now lived for a while in a confiscated house in very straitened circumstances. So closely had he given himself to his country's cause that he had never been able to earn anything more than the merest livelihood. Often his income did not exceed one hundred pounds a year. When he went to Congress, his friends in their thoughtfulness gave him a suitable outfit. After the battle of Lexington, all his effects being in Boston, he was obliged to purchase even his clothing at the public expense.[1] Having no business or profession of his own, he never was able to lay up any resources for his family. This may be called an unpardonable neglect, but it was the only thing he neglected and perhaps the provision which he made for his country in her sorest need will be accepted as at least an equivalent for any private fortune which he might have made for himself. Surely the colossal and unrequited labors of this public servant will lead us to be charitable in our judgment of his poverty. Rarely does a politician serve so long and so well for so little. Nations do not often find their trusted statesmen so slenderly provided for. It is a singular example—one of the very few in modern history—in which riches were totally disregarded and almost despised, by one who had ample opportunities to acquire them had he chosen. It recalls the Old Testament prophets, or the disciples of our Lord, or the preaching friars of the mendicant orders, men who swayed multitudes and turned the tide of events, but who took neither scrip, nor money in their purse. Walsingham, the great minister and diplomatist of Queen Elizabeth, with the resources of a kingdom at his disposal, scorned the luxuries of the court and died a poor man. General Gordon, the hero of the world today, is a man of the old Sam Adams spirit—intrepid, unselfish, and utterly indifferent to worldly gain or honor. Such men, with their single-hearted devotion to a great cause, are the inspiration of the ages that come after. They fascinate and win our noblest youth, showing them that there is some-

[1] Mentioned in a letter to James Warren, specifying certain items, dated Baltimore, February 11, 1777, in the Winslow Warren collection.

Digitized by Google

thing worth living for besides money. They are a perpetual rebuke to ease and avarice and pride. Their memory is like a north-west breeze, purifying our civilization, and giving us all new hope for the future of mankind.

Mr. Adams was again twice elected to Congress, but he each time declined the honor, regarding the great victory as already won, and wishing to enjoy the retirement of private life. Yet his services were still in demand, and for several years he was President of the Massachusetts Senate and a member of the Council, devoting his time wholly to public affairs, introducing important measures, drafting State papers, consulting with committees, and, in those trying times after an exhausting war, supporting in every way the local and national authority. During Shays's rebellion he did all in his power to sustain the hands of Governor Bowdoin, and when it was intimated by lawless agitators that his own example was in favor of their cause, he declared, in no unmistakable language, that he "meant not license when he cried liberty." He inclined to a conservative policy now that the foundations of the law were established in justice and equity. Notwithstanding the high honors which he had earned, he never forgot the arena of his early triumphs—the town-meeting—which he still loved to attend, and over which he was generally chosen to preside as moderator.

In 1788, Mr. Adams was one of the twelve representatives to the convention called by Massachusetts to adopt the Federal Constitution, and the first motion, after the organization, was made by him, "That the Convention would attend morning prayers daily, and that the gentlemen of the clergy of every denomination be requested to officiate in turn." We see in this the same liberal and devout spirit which had so successfully harmonized the councils of the first Congress. There has long been a common error, into which many writers have fallen, that Samuel Adams was opposed to the Federal Constitution. Referring to this, Mr. Bancroft has recently said,[1] that Adams "never was opposed to the Constitution. He

[1] In a private letter to Professor Hosmer.

Digitized by Google

only waited to make up his mind." He studied it with his customary caution, and sought to guard the State against the possibility of surrendering too much to the General Government, especially to the Federal Executive and the Judiciary. Adams was consistent in this. He always, to the day of his death, believed in a pure democracy, and opposed the tendency towards centralization. He was afraid of conferring power, where the people themselves or their most immediate representatives could not control it. He had taken the same position in Congress when the departments of government were created with secretaries at their head. No doubt his view of a national administration was too limited for the growth of a continent, and his fear of encroachments upon popular liberty was extreme; but, after a century of trial, it still remains a question whether good government is not often imperilled by such vast powers as are granted to our high officials. Mr. Adams, however, let it be remembered, did not oppose the Constitution. He discussed it freely, proposed amendments, listened to the arguments of others, and counselled delay in view of the great importance of the instrument; but when at last it came to be ratified, he not only favored it, but had more influence than any other man in carrying it through the convention, and recommending it to the other States.

At this time Mr. Adams met with a severe loss, in the death of his only son, Dr. Samuel Adams, who had done honorable service for his country as a surgeon through the Revolutionary War. His unpaid claims were bequeathed to his father, and afterwards redeemed by the Government, so that Mr. Adams, by a wise investment of the proceeds, was placed above want during the rest of his life.

For four years in succession he was elected Lieutenant Governor on the ticket headed by Hancock. This gave great satisfaction to the public, as these foremost names in Massachusetts had been historically associated together in so many positions. Both had been necessary factors in the pre-revolutionary days; and although, like Goethe and Schiller, very different from each other in respect to age, ability, fortune,

Digitized by Google

and style of living, they had stood together as fellow-patriots[1] —*par nobile fratrum*—in the most critical period of the movement with which their names will forever be identified. By excepting these two names in the general offer of pardon made in 1775, Gage showed his power of discrimination, but he could not have conferred more honor upon the men whom he sought thus to degrade, for it was a recognition of their unequalled services to the cause of liberty, and it gave them at once a popularity accorded to no other person.

The estrangement which had grown up between these chiefs in later years, causing wide-spread regret and much disturbance in local politics, was now removed, and the two familiar names were again united year after year, in the mouths of the people, as they ever will be in the history of the State.

On the death of Hancock in 1793, Adams assumed the executive chair, and was annually elected governor as long as he consented to be a candidate. His addresses to the Legislature were characterized by the same vigorous and patriotic spirit as ever, and his adminstration was dignified and beneficent. He did not hesitate to express his solicitude for the preservation of those fundamental principles of popular government which he regarded as the only security of the nation's happiness and peace. He did not escape the enmity which party-strife engendered in the contest which he carried on with the Federalists. He had opposed the centralizing and aristocratic tendencies which they represented, and he did not cease to advocate a simpler and purer mode of life than that which was becoming prevalent in society around him. The increase of wealth and its attendant luxuries, with a gradual laxity in morals and religion, seemed to him to threaten the permanence of republican institutions. Whether his misgivings were wholly justified at the time may be an open question; but there can be no doubt that the danger which he indicated with fearless fidelity, is a danger which history has repeatedly taught, and one against which our country in its growth needs to be continually on its guard.

[1] The Lexington Memorial Hall has a statue of Hancock in marble, by Thomas Gould, standing near that of Samuel Adams already referred to.

Digitized by Google

On the twentieth anniversary of American Independence, Governor Adams laid the corner stone of the present State House with imposing ceremonies, assisted by Paul Revere, who represented the Masonic fraternity.

In 1797, feeling the infirmities of age, the Governor withdrew from public life, after a career of more than half a century of uninterrupted service in the cause of his country. For several years he now enjoyed the seclusion of his home in Winter Street,[1] receiving the kind attentions of his beloved wife and daughter, and honored by a large circle of acquaintances. In the summer time he was often seen sitting at his door or walking in his garden, clad in cap and gown. He sometimes visited the public schools, in which he had always taken the deepest interest.[2] The scholars, it is said, knew him well, and were always delighted to see his benignant face on the street or in the school-room.

Upon the accession of Jefferson to the presidency in 1801, that leader of the Democracy wrote a cordial letter to Mr. Adams, with whom he had long had the most intimate personal and political relations. "How much," he said, "I lament that time has deprived me of your aid. It would have been a day of glory which should have called you to the first office of the adminstration. But give us your counsel, my friend, and give us your blessing; and be assured that there exists not in the heart of man a more faithful esteem than mine to you."

The last writing of Mr. Adams, known to exist, was a defence of christian truth in a letter to Thomas Paine, urging him, as a friend of liberty, not to excite the spirit of discord by his attacks upon Christianity.

[1] A large old-fashioned wooden house, nearly opposite the present entrance to Music Hall. Before the Revolution it was the property of Sylvester Gardiner, the wealthy loyalist.

[2] In 1775, Mr. Adams wrote in a private letter, "Our ancestors laid an excellent foundation for the security of liberty by setting up, in a few years after their arrival, a public seminary of learning; and by their laws they obliged every town consisting of a certain number of families to keep and maintain a grammar school. I should be much grieved if it should be true, as I am informed, that some of the towns have dismissed their school-master, alleging that the extraordinary expense of defending the country renders them unable to support them. I hope this inattention to the principles of our wise forefathers does not prevail." From the Winslow Warren collection.

Digitized by Google

And now the patriot's work was done. He had run his race; he had fought the fight; he had obtained the victory; and, after most of his associates had passed away, he had lived to see the fair structure of liberty, whose foundations he had laid so well, rising in comely proportions, strengthened by years and enlarged by a nation's growth. The rewards of a grateful people had been laid at his feet. The crown of age and of honor was upon him; and patiently, like the patriarch, he waited "leaning upon the top of his staff." On Sunday morning, October 2, 1803, Samuel Adams breathed his last, in the eighty-second year of his age. He was buried in the Checkley tomb in the Granary Burying-Ground, the *cortége*, escorted by the cadets and a large body of citizens, passing through the principal streets by the Old South and around the Old State House.

In tracing the career of this remarkable man, we have been continually impressed with the fact that the source of his power was in the high moral and religious qualities of his character. He was endowed with ample intellectual gifts, with an inexhaustible energy of will, with marvellous sagacity and tact, which under any circumstances would have given him a prominent place among men. But these gifts would never have made him what he was, had it not been for the presence of that guiding and controlling spirit which shaped his conduct and gave purpose and vigor to his whole life. This was perfectly well understood by his contemporaries. They followed him gladly because they trusted him implicitly. They knew him to be devout, humble, conscientious and even rigid in applying to himself the principles of godliness, and this added immense weight to the power of his example. Conscience was not merely an element of his character; it was the chief element, holding everything else subservient to its sway, and impressing itself upon all that he said and did. He was the product of a Puritan age; a strict Calvinist, not by tradition merely, but by severe reasoning and calm judgment; a diligent student of the Bible, accus-

Digitized by Google

tomed to refer everything to the oracles of God; a believer in the Christian Sabbath, willing to forego all secular enjoyments that its hours might be hallowed to the purposes of rest and worship; a lover of the sanctuary, whither he always went, accompanied by his family; a priest in his house, habitually maintaining the domestic altar. Warmly attached to the faith and order of the New England churches, he always maintained that they were more friendly to republican ideas of virtue and liberty than any other. Austere he undoubtedly would seem to many, who know little of the exacting demands of a holy religion, but any one acquainted with his life can see abundant evidence of the sweetness and grace of Christian love diffusing itself in the tender relations of the home, in his treatment of the young, in his regard for the poor, in his incessant yearning for the public welfare, in his private correspondence and even in many of his official documents. When the question of slavery came up in Massachusetts, Adams advocated its abolition with his usual ardor. Just then a female slave was given to his wife. "A slave cannot live in my house," he said, when told of it. "If she comes, she must be free." She was accordingly made free, and was ever after kindly cared for in his family until her death. No one knew Samuel Adams better in the pre-revolutionary days than his observing cousin, who wrote in his diary:[1] "He is a man of refined policy, steadfast integrity, exquisite humanity, fair erudition, and obliging and engaging manners, real as well as professed piety, and a universal good character, unless it should be admitted that he is too attentive to the public, and not enough so to himself and his family."

At the age of nineteen, shortly after leaving college, it appears that young Adams joined the Church in Brattle Street,[2] attracted thither, perhaps, by the fame of Dr. Colman, or it

[1] John Adams, Works II. 162. For a careful study of the relation of John Adams to the Revolution, see the recent address of Judge Chamberlain before the Webster Historical Society, at its annual meeting, 1884.

[2] May 2, 1742, at the same time with Thomas Phillebrown, and William Brown. Among others who joined that year were Walter Baker, Benjamin Sampson, Thomas Stacy, James Ridgeway, Daniel Boyer, Samuel Norton, Ebenezer Messenger, Thomas Amory and John Gore.

Digitized by Google

may be through the influence of some of his young companions. His biographer does not mention the fact. Through a large part of his life, however, he attended the church in Summer Street, of which his father was one of the founders, and of which his father-in-law, Dr. Checkley, was the pastor for more than half a century. In 1789, owing to various changes that had taken place in that church, Mr. Adams, who never seems to have been an enrolled member of it, transferred his connection to the Old South, as the following letter will show:

"At a meeting of the church of Christ in Brattle-Street, Boston, June 7, 1789,

Our brother Samuel Adams, who in the year 1742 was admitted to full communion with this church, but who, for many years past, has congregated and communed with the church in Summer Street, being desirous to enter into a more immediate connexion with the church under the pastoral care of the Rev. Mr. Joseph Eckley;

We do hereby recommend him to the charity and fellowship of the said church, as he hath always (so far as is known to us) conducted agreably to his covenant engagements.

Attest:

PETER THACHER,
Pastor of the Church in Brattle-Street.

Boston, June 8, 1789."

By uniting with the Old South Church, Samuel Adams returned to his ancestral home, and added his name to those of Oxenbridge Thacher, James Otis, Thomas Cushing, John Scollay, Thomas and William Dawes, Robert Treat Paine, William Phillips, and others, in the brilliant roll of revolutionary patriots who have honored this church by their personal connection with it.

We ought to preserve the memory of these men. Not one of them is as well known among us as he should be, although some of their lives have been written. If this tablet serves to call attention in any way to their public services and private worth, it will do precisely what Adams would have wished, and what he was himself always doing,—bringing his

Digitized by Google

associates into prominence, and when possible, yielding the precedence to them. The more we know of his contemporaries the more we shall know of him; for he was emphatically a man of the times and of the people; as Judge Sullivan truly says, in the words which you have inscribed on yonder marble, "To give his history at full length would be to give a history of the American Revolution."

In no respect is the character of Adams seen to better advantage than in his friendships. He was a true brother to those he trusted and loved. His heart clung to them with strong affection. He enjoyed their society, sought their counsel, shared their confidence, brought them into notice, and indulged the fullest expressions of feeling in his correspondence with them. This was notably true of his relations with Dr. Chauncy, Dr. Cooper, Josiah Quincy, Dr. Warren, Elbridge Gerry, Arthur and Richard Henry Lee of Virginia, James Warren, Dr. Jarvis, Governor Strong, and Judge Sullivan.

We are not surprised to learn that a figure so strongly marked encountered the hostility of his enemies. This was to be expected in the nature of things. Where was there ever an important political movement that did not create opposite views as to policy, and hard feeling as to men? And if, in this case, there seems to have been towards Mr. Adams in the latter part of his life an undeserved prejudice and neglect, it is fully accounted for by the bold stand which he conscientiously took against the popular drift in political and social life. The same courageous principle which led him in his youth to resist the royal governors led him in his age to oppose what he thought a dangerous tendency among the Federalists, and to rebuke extravagance and corruption wherever he found them. He would not have been Sam Adams if he had done otherwise. To be recreant to his sense of duty was not a sin that lay at his door. To lower his standard to meet the demands of the hour was an absolute impossibility. A clever manager he always was, but never a trimmer. He created parties; he could not be the creature of a party. Every one knew just where to find him; for he

Digitized by Google

was always consistent with himself. The quality which gave him a temporary unpopularity was the very quality which made him what he was throughout his long life, and which leads a grateful country to-day to erect statues and tablets to his memory.

In judging of his character, we must always remember the conditions under which it was developed and the principles which he acquired by his training. That he was strict in his religious faith, and sincere in his practice, is unquestioned. That he was also wonderfully adroit in his methods is equally well known. This naturally leads to the inquiry whether in his shrewdness he exceeded the limits of what we should call honesty to-day. I would answer this question by recalling, first, one of the elements of what is technically known as the New England character. It has always savored of shrewdness, with an inclination sometimes towards sharp practice. It has successfully contended with the world at a bargain, and has seldom been surpassed for wit or tact. That this element is deeply rooted in our character is sufficiently apparent. That it is sometimes allied with deceit is also painfully true. But as a quality, pure and simple, it is free from this charge, and must be so regarded. It admits of dexterity and strategy without incurring reproach. What is true of the New England type to which Adams belonged is true I suppose of him. Our strictures upon that type apply to him in common with many of his contemporaries and predecessors on these shores. We may improve upon it as the years advance; we certainly ought to. But our judgment of Adams must in this respect be essentially the judgment of his time and his surroundings. The other answer which may be offered to the question raised, is that in certain disguises which Adams and his compatriots adopted they were following what they considered legitimate methods under the ethics of war. If Dr. Cooper or Judge Parsons or Samuel Adams helped Hancock write his speeches or public documents—and they probably all did at one time or another—they did it, as they thought, without committing any moral offence. They did it because the liberation of their

Digitized by Google

country seemed to require it; because they were engaged in a life and death struggle, and were compelled to resort to the tactics of war. They did it just as a military commander would get the advantage of his enemy, by stratagem, by spies, by decoys, and other contrivances such as are permitted in war. The treatment which the Hutchinson letters received may be ascribed partly to this motive, and partly to the high state of excitement at the time, which gave an exaggerated coloring to everything, said or written, on either side.

This may, at least, suggest an explanation of certain ingenious and effective devices which the fathers employed when they strove to obtain their freedom. To Bernard and Hutchinson, no doubt, Adams seemed cunning enough, always on the alert, using men as tools and leading them into all kinds of mischief. But we are now learning, by a critical study of the facts, to distinguish between what Samuel Adams really was, and what his enemies represented him as being. They said he was a demagogue. We know he was not (in the sense in which that word is used). He never flattered or cajoled the people; never went among them with insinuating smiles and selfish aims; never misled them by seeming to be what he was not. His patriotism was disinterested and transparent from beginning to end.[1] He was never moved by bribery or threats. His integrity was unimpeachable. A guinea, he said, never glistened in his eyes. In his farewell address to the Legislature, referring to his country which he had served so long in war and in peace, he said: "I can say with truth that I have not enriched myself in her service." Such testimony as this is of incalculable worth to the nation. It is a legacy beyond all price. Happy is the commonwealth that inherits it. Never let it be forgotten.

It is remarkable how little this peerless man was ever influenced by those natural passions which are so prevalent in political life. One controlling passion he always had, burning like a flame,—the love of liberty; but almost every other

[1] "Your principles," said Jefferson, in a letter to Adams Feb. 26, 1800, "have been tested in the crucible of time and have come out pure."

Digitized by Google

was trodden under foot. What did Samuel Adams care for money, or pleasure, or fame, or office, or ease? The very things that men generally covet the most he passed by altogether. This is known to be true, although it has taken time to reveal it. Much of his work was done anonymously,—written by his pen, but adopted by others, without ever a protest from him. A careful search among his papers reveals the fact (which would seem extravagant were it not proved), that every effective plan and every important paper in the political history of Massachusetts from 1765 to 1775—to go no further—was, without a single exception, invented and framed by him. And yet so modest was he, that the world never knew it all in his day. Such disregard for the honors of authorship is almost unparalleled. He wrote popular essays for the press over a great variety of signatures. No less than twenty-five different names have been discovered as his. He destroyed a vast number of his own writings, and many more were lost after his death, but the collection in Mr. Bancroft's hands is very large and very convincing upon this point. The drafts of the principal resolves, remonstrances and appeals, for town and assembly alike, are all in his handwriting. And the official correspondence during that time was wholly his work.[1] It is estimated that these productions would fill sixteen large printed octavo volumes.

His style was always clear and forcible, formed on the purest classical and English models, with a nervous vigor all his own. Whether written or spoken, his language was wonderfully adapted to reach the popular mind. His speeches were usually short; never rapid in their delivery.

These services give Adams the fullest claim to be regarded not only as a politician, marshalling the political forces with consummate skill, but also, as Senator Hoar has said,[2] as a philosopher, establishing fundamental principles, and as a

[1] He is acknowledged to have been the ablest and most voluminous writer on American politics in the last century. Indeed his state papers form a most important part of our literature for that period. The Revolution would be an enigma without them. Chatham's opinion of them has been often quoted.

[2] In his address at the reception by Congress of the Massachusetts Statues in the Capitol at Washington, Dec. 19, 1876.

Digitized by Google

statesman, framing great measures, filling responsible positions, and guiding legislative assemblies. "I doubt," said the lamented Garfield,[1] speaking of Adams's political and religious position, "if any man equalled Samuel Adams in formulating and uttering the fierce, clear and inexorable logic of the Revolution. . . . . The men who pointed out the pathway to freedom by the light of religion as well as of law, were the foremost promoters of American independence. And of these, Adams was unquestionably chief."

In all his tastes and habits Mr. Adams was a model of republican simplicity. Indifferent to wealth and fame, he was also above the temptations of luxury and ease. He never outgrew the practice of his youth in this respect. His table, his dress, his manners were always plain, though never lacking proper attention and refinement. He had no fancy for display. When he became Governor, his friends gave him a carriage and a pair of horses, but he seldom used them, and, on retiring from office, he returned them to the donors. He studied economy from principle as well as necessity, avoiding when possible all appearance of ostentation or extravagance. He did all he could to make his beloved Boston "a Christian Sparta."

In person[2] Samuel Adams was of medium height and very erect, of muscular form, florid complexion, light blue, penetrating eyes, and heavy eye-brows. At the age of forty-eight his hair was already gray, giving him a venerable appearance. His countenance was strikingly open and benignant, full of expression, combining the qualities of serenity and firmness. He is said to have resembled William of Orange. His appearance was always dignified and manly. At times there was a slight constitutional tremulous motion of the head and hand, which added impressiveness to his speech. Among strangers he was usually reserved, but in his family and among his friends he laid aside the cares of public life and

[1] At the reception of the Massachusetts Statues at Washington.

[2] The portrait by Johnston, painted in 1795, was unfortunately destroyed by fire. The engravings from it give Mr. Adams a very genial and dignified appearance, quite in accordance with the descriptions of him by his friends.

Digitized by Google

participated freely in ordinary conversation. At such times, he was cheerful and responsive, full of sympathy, fond of anecdote, and keenly alive to any rational sentiment of wit or humor. His voice was uncommonly musical, and nothing gave him greater pleasure than the practice of singing at home. In dress, he retained the colonial style of the tie-wig, cocked hat, knee breeches, buckled shoes and dark red cloak.

Samuel Adams left no descendants bearing his name, but as "the Father of the Revolution" he has given us our independence; and we may safely trust the Republic which enshrines it, to perpetuate his name and keep alive the memory of his masterly leadership, his incorruptible virtue and his undying love of liberty.

Digitized by Google

SAMUEL ADAMS,

Born in Boston, September 16, 1722.

Graduated at Harvard College, 1740.

Joins the Church, 1742.

Takes his Master's Degree, 1743.

Follows mercantile business a few years.

Organizes a Political Club and Newspaper, 1747–48.

Married to Elizabeth Checkley, October 17, 1749.

His wife dies, July 25, 1757.

Collector of Taxes, 1763–65.

— 1764 —

Drafts the Boston Instructions.

Proposes a union of the Colonies in opposition to Parliament.

Marries his Second Wife, Elizabeth Wells, December 6.

Member of the Legislature, 1765–74.

— 1765 —

Writes the Massachusetts Resolves.

Instructs the Provincial Agent in London.

Conducts a Controversy with the Governor, 1766.

— 1768 —

Writes the Assembly's Addresses to the Ministry,
Their Petition to the King,
and Circular Letter to the other Colonies.

DECLARES FOR INDEPENDENCE.

Writes "An Appeal to the World," 1769.

Demands the Removal of the Troops, 1770.

— 1772 —

Proposes the Committee of Correspondence.

Author of "The Rights of the Colonists."

Digitized by Google

— 1773 —

CALLS FOR A CONTINENTAL CONGRESS.

OPPOSES LANDING OF THE TEA.

Drafts an Appeal to the other Assemblies, 1774.

MEMBER OF THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS, 1774–81.

— 1775 —

MEMBER OF THE PROVINCIAL CONGRESS.

SECRETARY OF STATE.

COUNCILLOR.

SIGNS THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, 1776.

MEMBER OF THE BOARD OF WAR, 1777.

MEMBER OF THE STATE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION, 1779.

Marriage of his daughter, 1781.

PRESIDENT OF THE MASSACHUSETTS SENATE, 1781–84.

SENATOR, 1786.

PRESIDENT OF THE SENATE, AND COUNCILLOR, 1787.

— 1788 —

Member of the Convention to adopt the Federal Constitution.

Death of his son, January 17.

LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR, 1789–93.

GOVERNOR, 1793–97.

Dies, October 2, 1803, in his eighty-second year. Committed to the Checkley Tomb, in the Granary Burial Ground.

Digitized by Google

THE MINISTERS OF THE OLD SOUTH

FROM 1670 TO 1882

BY THE

REV. INCREASE N. TARBOX, D.D.

Digitized by Google

"LORD, HOW CAN MAN PREACH THY ETERNAL WORD?
HE IS A BRITTLE CRAZY GLASS:
YET IN THY TEMPLE THOU DOST HIM AFFORD
THIS GLORIOUS AND TRANSCENDENT PLACE,
TO BE A WINDOW, THROUGH THY GRACE.

"BUT WHEN THOU DOST ANNEAL IN GLASS THY STORY,
MAKING THY LIFE TO SHINE WITHIN
THE HOLY PREACHERS, THEN THE LIGHT AND GLORY
MORE REVEREND GROWS, AND MORE DOTH WIN;
WHICH ELSE SHOWS WATERISH, BLEAK AND THIN.

"DOCTRINE AND LIFE, COLOURS AND LIGHT, IN ONE
WHEN THEY COMBINE AND MINGLE, BRING
A STRONG REGARD AND AWE: BUT SPEECH ALONE
DOTH VANISH LIKE A FLARING THING,
AND IN THE EAR, NOT CONSCIENCE RING."

Digitized by Google

THE MINISTERS OF THE OLD SOUTH.

THE Old South Church, in its continuous history of two hundred and fifteen years, presents us with a list of fifteen men who, in its several generations, have filled the pastoral office, previously to the present incumbent. On an occasion like this, it will be impossible to consider them, one by one, and attempt to give even the most meagre account of their individual characters and labors. We must dwell rather upon some general facts appertaining to the ministry of these men, and look at them in certain historical groupings. The names are:—

THOMAS THACHER
SAMUEL WILLARD
EBENEZER PEMBERTON
JOSEPH SEWALL, D.D.
THOMAS PRINCE
ALEXANDER CUMMING
SAMUEL BLAIR, D.D.
JOHN BACON
JOHN HUNT
JOSEPH ECKLEY, D.D.
JOSHUA HUNTINGTON
BENJAMIN B. WISNER, D.D.
SAMUEL H. STEARNS
GEORGE W. BLAGDEN, D.D.
JACOB M. MANNING, D.D.

Digitized by Google

The first pastor of the Old South, Mr. Thomas Thacher, was born in England, and came to this country in his youth. Had the Church been formed forty years earlier, when the settlements in the Massachusetts Bay were just beginning, very naturally it would have enrolled in its early history several English-born pastors. Of the ten ministers serving the First Church of Boston from 1630, the year of its foundation, to 1715, nine were born in England. In the old Church of Salem, founded in 1629, the seven earliest pastors were English-born, and the same was true of the seven earliest pastors in the old Church in Ipswich. Those scholarly divines that came over from England to New England in the first generation, were, as a rule, in middle life, at the time of their coming. This fact, added to the hardships which they encountered in this wilderness land, made their ministries here, on the average, short. There were some notable exceptions, like that of Mr. John Eliot, who coming over as a young man in 1631, died in 1690, at the age of eighty-six, having served in the ministry of the Church of Roxbury fifty-nine years, besides his immense outside labors and constant exposures.

But the Old South, not having been organized until 1669, was naturally dependent for her early pulpit supply upon the neighboring college. Harvard had already sent forth twenty-five classes, before the Old South Church came into existence; and after the ministry of Mr. Thacher ceased, by reason of death, in 1678, these Harvard graduates for a long course of years furnished its pulpit supplies.

There are certain facts connected with the ministries of these fifteen men, which are noticeable, if they may not even be called singular and curious. All but one of them were colleague pastors, and yet the whole period of the joint pastorate in the history of this church covers only eighty-one years out of two hundred and fifteen, and forty of these eighty-one years were occupied by the joint pastorate of the Rev. Dr. Sewall and the Rev. Thomas Prince. Dr. Wisner, who was settled in 1821, was called in 1832 into the service of the American Board as Secretary. He went through his

Digitized by Google

brief term of service as sole pastor. This was the only instance of the kind. Usually these colleague pastorates were brought about by the advanced years or infirm health of the older occupants.

Once however, two men, comparatively young, John Bacon, thirty-four, and John Hunt, twenty-seven, were called and settled over this Church as colleague pastors on the same day, Sept. 25, 1771. This looked as though it might be the beginning of a long double pastorate. But circumstances conspired to render the ministries of both these men among the shorter ones of the Old South. Mr. Hunt died in 1775, amid the opening scenes of the revolutionary struggle. Mr. Bacon was dismissed the same year, and not only left the Old South ministry, but the ministry altogether. He was a native of Canterbury, Conn., and after leaving Boston established himself as a lawyer in Stockbridge, Mass., became a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, President of the Massachusetts Senate, and Member of Congress from the Berkshire district. His son Ezekiel Bacon, a graduate of Yale College in 1794, was also a Judge and Member of Congress, and lived to the great age of ninety-four. John Bacon, the father, died in 1820, aged eighty-three.

Let us try and gain some conception of Boston in 1669, when this ministerial succession was about to begin. While we all delight to honor the early fathers of New England, who, by their sacrifices and sufferings, gave us our goodly heritage, yet any review like that we are now making may serve to show how fitting are the words of the wise man, "Say not thou what is the cause that the former days were better than these? for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this."

In 1669, the town of Boston contained about six or seven thousand inhabitants. Snow, in his History of Boston, gives the number of its families in 1673, as fifteen hundred. Drake gives the same number of families for 1674. In both cases, the very roundness of the number shows the estimate to have been somewhat conjectural and approximate. Reckoning

Digitized by Google

five to a family, this would give a population of seven thousand five hundred, and, judging from incidental facts, this estimate is too high, rather than too low.

This population, whatever it may have been, was somewhat evenly distributed over what we call the North End, including the territory represented by such streets as Cornhill, Court, Sudbury and Green. The two church edifices existing at that time, would, by their position, indicate where the population was. The Meeting-house of the First Church was at Church Square in Cornhill, and the Meeting-house of the Old North, or Second Church, was at North Square, in the open space between North and Moon Streets. When a site for the Old South Meeting-house was sought, the spot was purposely chosen outside of the thickly settled portion of the town, but in anticipation of a steady movement of the people in that direction. It was called then simply the South Meeting-house, and was not known as the Old South until some fifty years later, when the New South Church was formed with its place of worship at the South Green. Language has to be endlessly shaped and modified according to circumstances. To tell the whole story now, we have to say the *New* Old South, and the *Old* Old South.

In the summer of 1669, when the new-formed parish was taking steps to erect a house of worship on the spot where the old Meeting-house now stands, Richard Bellingham, then Colonial Governor, felt it needful to call his Council about him for consultation, fearing, as he said, "a sudden tumult" from "some persons attempting to set up an edifice for publick worship, which is apprehended by authority to be detrimental to the publick peace." The Governor and Council concluded on the whole, not to interfere, but advised those who were building "to conform to the laws on this subject." Accordingly they applied to the Selectmen, and a vote was passed by that body, affirming the "need of another meeting-house to be erected in this town." And certainly this was so, if there were seven thousand, or even six thousand people in the place, especially at a period when all families were expected

Digitized by Google

to attend church, and were generally in the habit of so doing.

In 1669, when men were laying the foundation of your first meeting-house, the town authorities were trying to hunt out and suppress a little religious organization, now known as the First Baptist Church of this city. This church had been secretly formed in 1665, over in Charlestown, consisting of eighteen persons, and since then had led a very precarious and diversified existence. They had met for their worship as secretly and with as many precautions as did the Pilgrims in England under James I., or Paul's converts in the ancient city of Rome.

In 1669, the party cries which were resounding in the homes, in the streets, and in the churches of Boston, were "Synodalia" and "Anti-Synodalia"—words utterly without meaning to the people at large in this generation, but bristling with significance at that time, not only in Boston, but throughout New England. The First Church in Boston was *Anti-Synodalia*, that is, it was opposed to the action of the Church Synod, which met in Boston in the year 1662, and established what is known as the Half-Way Covenant. The Old South was strongly *Synodalia* in its sympathies, and was composed chiefly of persons who had come out of the First Church expressly on that issue.

In the year before (1668), the Rev. John Davenport had been prevailed upon to leave his people in New Haven, with whom he came over from England more than thirty years before, and whose spiritual father, greatly beloved, he had ever since been, that he might remove to Boston and become the pastor of the First Church, made vacant by the death of its honored leader, the Rev. John Wilson. Nothing can better show the height of party feeling at that time than this fact. Ten years before, if any one had suggested that Mr. Davenport would leave his people at New Haven for another settlement, the idea would have been scouted as idle and almost insane. But Mr. Davenport was regarded as the ablest minister in New England in opposition to the Synod, and

Digitized by Google

it was felt that his services must be secured in the chief town of New England. So he tore himself away from his weeping people, and came here, to labor only a little more than a year, and to die at the age of seventy-two. But the conflict between the First Church and the Old South, or, more generally, between those who opposed the action of the Synod and those who favored it, did not die out for more than a generation afterwards.

Thomas Thacher, the first pastor of the Old South, was born at Milton Clevedon, England. His father, Peter Thacher, had been minister first at Milton Clevedon, and then at Salisbury, where Thomas Thacher's childhood and early youth were passed. He was a natural scholar and was early prepared for the University. But at the time when he would have entered upon his University course, the persecuting spirit under Laud was at its height, and he could not conscientiously put his name to the articles which he would have been required to sign to effect his entrance either at Cambridge or Oxford. He was then fifteen years old, and with the consent of his parents he resolved to try his fortunes in America. His parents intended soon to follow him, and re-establish his old home in the new world, but the death of his mother soon after broke up this plan.

When he reached Boston in 1635, Harvard College had not yet come into existence, but he entered the family of the Rev. Charles Chauncey of Scituate, who, years afterwards, from 1654 to 1672, was President of the College. Mr. Chauncey was one of the ripe scholars of his generation, especially in Hebrew and Greek. Here young Thacher acquired such an education in these ancient Scripture tongues, as to become himself in after years the author of a Hebrew Lexicon.

In respect to his education in these rude fields of the West, his experience was not very unlike that of John Higginson, oldest child of the Rev. Francis Higginson of Salem. His father died in the summer of 1630, only a year after his arrival upon these shores, when his son John, the eldest of eight children, was fourteen years old. The boy was aided in his

Digitized by Google

education by the ministers and magistrates of the colony, and a few years later he lived for some time in the family of the famous Thomas Hooker of Hartford, another of the learned English scholars who had fled for refuge to these shores. Young Higginson began to preach when he was about twenty years of age, and after seventy-two years of ministerial service he died at the age of ninety-two.

Mr. Thacher had been twenty years pastor at Weymouth before coming to Boston, and the first years he passed in Boston were given rather to the practice of medicine than to preaching. It was not uncommon, in the early New England years, for the clergyman to add to his study of theology some knowledge of medicine, so that he might, if occasion required, minister alike to the soul and the body. The Rev. John Rogers of Ipswich, afterwards president of Harvard College, was, for long years, the chief physician of that town, at the same time that he was one of the ministers of the First Church.

Mr. Thacher was fifty years old when he began his ministry here in February, 1670, and his connection with the church was closed by his death in October, 1678.

The colleague and successor of Mr. Thacher, the Rev. Samuel Willard, for twenty-nine years pastor, and, for seven years before his death, Vice President of Harvard College, would of himself furnish abundant material for a long paper. So also would his successors in office, the Rev. Ebenezer Pemberton and the Rev. Joseph Sewall, D.D. The last named, son of Judge Samuel Sewall, held the pastoral office in the Old South for fifty-six years, a period considerably longer than that covered by any other one of the Old South ministers.

But we must needs make more than a passing reference to the Rev. Thomas Prince, the next name on the list. He was for forty years the colleague of Dr. Sewall, but died eleven years earlier than he. The two men were of about the same age and were classmates at Harvard. Mr. Prince died at the age of seventy-two, and Dr. Sewall at eighty.

No name on the list of the Old South pastors remains in

Digitized by Google

greater honor and brightness to-day than that of Thomas Prince. He was a large scholar, a lover of books and all good learning. The historical spirit was strong within him, as was also the literary, and his name stands associated with various societies and institutions existing at the present day. There is something in the very name with the associations clustering about it, suggestive of grace and elegance. By the bent of his mind, and by his habits of study, he became a kind of forerunner of such organizations as the Massachusetts Historical Society and the New England Historic Genealogical Society. His *belles-lettres* tastes were as marked as his historical. In the very year of his death appeared his revised and improved edition of the New England Psalm Book. The Prince Library, now deposited in the Boston Public Library, has long been one of the noteworthy things of our city.

Dr. Joseph Sewall, Mr. Prince's associate, after his long ministry, died in 1769, almost exactly one hundred years after the founding of the church. We have spoken of the excitements, and of the high party spirit prevailing in Boston in 1669. But these were mild as compared with the stormy passions ruling and reigning in 1769. The questions which were up for debate in the former period were ecclesiastical, but the questions of 1769 were political and of the most intense and fiery character.

In May, 1769, one hundred years almost to a day from the founding of this Church, the Colonial Legislature being called together, refused to sit and deliberate unless the armed forces quartered on the town were removed. Sir Francis Bernard, then royal Governor of Massachusetts, after refusing this request, thought to frighten the people by threatening to go in person to England and and lay these matters before the King. Thereupon the Legislature retaliated by passing a unanimous vote, to petition the King to remove Sir Francis Bernard forever from this government. He *was* recalled, and on the first of August, 1769, set sail for England. When he left the town his departure was celebrated by the

Digitized by Google

ringing of bells, the booming of cannon, and the kindling of bonfires.

At that time hardly a day could pass, without some event fitted to keep the indignation of the people at fever heat. It was only a few months later, March, 1770, that the first bloody encounter between the people and the British troops took place in State Street, which resulted in the death of seven citizens.

The Old South Meeting-House in all those years, like Faneuil Hall, was one of the grand rallying places of the people, where the orators of the Revolution poured forth their fiery sentences to crowded houses and eager listeners. The historic charm which gathers around that ancient edifice is very largely due to the strange experiences through which it passed during all those stormy years, reaching from the enactment of the Stamp Act in 1765 to the evacuation of Boston by the British troops in the spring of 1776.

Let us return a moment to Dr. Sewall, and bring up a noticeable fact connected with his pastorate. During his long ministry he was associated with four colleagues. In his early life he was brought in to be associate pastor with the Rev. Ebenezer Pemberton. Four years afterwards Mr. Pemberton died. In the year following, *i. e.* in 1718, Thomas Prince was made associate with Dr. Sewall, and this connection continued, as we have said, forty years. Mr. Sewall was then sole pastor for three years, when the Rev. Alexander Cumming was joined with him, but continued only two years by reason of death. Then there was another interval of three years in which Dr. Sewall was sole pastor, when Dr. Samuel Blair was united with him, and Dr. Sewall died three years afterwards. We have before said that the whole period of the joint pastorate in this church was eighty-one years, and forty-nine of those years were within the period of Dr. Sewall's ministry.

During the first century of this Society's existence, the population of Boston had slowly grown from the six or seven thousand of 1669 to the eighteen or twenty thousand of 1769.

Digitized by Google

The three Congregational churches of the former period had increased to eleven in the latter; and the gradual march of the population southward and westward is indicated by the localities chosen for the New South Meeting-House at the South Green, the Hollis Street Church and the West Church, while the great enlargement of the population on the old territory is shown by the new churches which had sprung up there, viz.: Brattle Street, the New North, Federal Street, School Street and the Samuel Mather Church, so called. Besides these, during the century, three Episcopal churches had come into existence, King's Chapel, Christ Church and Trinity Church, as also a second Baptist church.

When Boston emerged from her captivity in 1776, and her scattered inhabitants gathered back to their homes, there followed a time of house cleaning and church cleaning such as never had been seen before, and has never been seen since. The Old South Meeting-House was in such a state of ruin and degradation, that the parish, in its broken condition, could not undertake to put it in order at once for Sabbath services.

Moreover, after the dismissal of the Rev. John Bacon and the death of the Rev. John Hunt in 1775, the line of the pastoral succession was broken, and was not renewed again until October 27, 1779, when the Rev. Joseph Eckley was ordained. Mr. Eckley was born in England, and came as a youth, with his father's family, settling in New Jersey. He was graduated at the College of New Jersey in 1772, and was twenty-nine years old when he was ordained here in 1779. The congregation had not then returned to its own house of worship, but by the courtesy of the Episcopal Society in King's Chapel, held its Sabbath services in that house. It was not until March 2, 1783, that their own house was in order for the renewal of the regular sanctuary worship.

When Dr. Eckley began his ministry in 1779, the storms of war which had broken so furiously about Boston had rolled away to other parts of the land. But questions of an ecclesiastical and theological nature were again coming up, to be warmly discussed, and to breed discord and division among

Digitized by Google

the churches. Dr. Eckley's ministry, reaching from 1779 to 1811, covers a period when the old Congregational churches of Boston, with the single exception of the Old South, were passing from their early associations into new relations.

For twenty-nine years in those troublous times Dr. Eckley labored on alone, often perplexed, and in doubt which way to turn. In 1808, the Rev. Joshua Huntington, a native of New London, Ct., and a graduate of Yale, was associated with him. He was a strong reinforcement to the Old South ministry. Three years after this colleague relationship was formed, Dr. Eckley died. Mr. Huntington was then a young man only twenty-six years of age, but of great promise. His ministry was, however, destined to be short. He was cut off in the midst of his years, dying September 11, 1819, at the age of thirty-four.

Not a few who hear me doubtless remember the pleasant look and winning manners of Benjamin B. Wisner, D.D., who, as already stated, was pastor of this church from 1821 to 1832. The writer never saw him, but art has preserved a face about which there is such a peculiarly attractive charm, that it seems more familiar than many other faces long seen and known. He left his parish, being called to high and honorable service as Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions, but died three years afterwards, cut off in the very noonday of his strength.

The next pastorate was attended with still sadder circumstances, so that in the history of the Old South it makes a chapter, by itself, of tender and mournful interest. Two years after Dr. Wisner's dismissal, the Rev. Samuel H. Stearns was ordained and set over this ancient church. He was one of thirteen children born into the family of the Rev. Samuel Stearns, minister at Bedford, Mass. He was one of four brothers graduated at Harvard College. When called to the pastoral office here, he was thirty-three years old, and was regarded as a young man of very rare gifts. But that fatal disease which destroys so many among us had already begun its insidious work, even before his ordination. The excite-

Digitized by Google

ments of that public occasion told heavily upon him. He began his ministry trembling between fear and hope. He preached two Sabbaths, and a single sermon on the third Sabbath, and never preached to his people again. He lingered on, however, for three years more in an unavailing effort for health and life. He was deeply beloved, and his people had a most intense sympathy with the youthful sufferer; but no exemption from labor, no travel, no medical skill could stay the hand of the destroyer, and he died in Paris, France, July 15, 1837, greatly mourned and lamented.

For more than two years after Mr. Stearns's settlement, the Church waited, hoping for his possible restoration to health. But when it was made clear that he could never be expected to enter upon his public duties as pastor, the Rev. George W. Blagden was called, and on the 28th of September, 1836, was installed as colleague pastor with the Rev. Mr. Stearns. Dr. Blagden, a native of Washington, and a graduate of Yale College in 1823, had his first ministry at Brighton, where he served three years, from 1827 to 1830. He was then called to the Salem Street Church in this city, where he remained six years, until 1836. He came directly from the Salem Street Church to his long ministry of thirty-six years in this congregation, which ended by his resignation in 1872. Twelve years have since passed, and Dr. Blagden still lives, in a hale, vigorous, cheerful old age.[1]

In the year 1857, the Rev. Jacob M. Manning was called in from Medford, where he had been ordained three years before, and was made colleague with Dr. Blagden. In this connection, and as sole pastor after Dr. Blagden's resignation, he continued for twenty-five years, though the last two or three years of his ministry were marked by a long struggle against the disease, which he had contracted while serving as chaplain in the army. He died November 28, 1882. As a thinker and preacher, Dr. Manning was a man

[1] The Rev. Dr. Blagden died in New York, Dec. 17, 1884, and was buried three days later, from the Old South. A commemorative discourse was preached at the Old South, Feb. 22, 1885, by the Rev. Chas. A. Stoddard, D.D., of New York.

Digitized by Google

of marked force and originality. Not a rhetorician in the ordinary acceptation of that term, he prevailed and held his audiences by the force of his ideas and the clearness and vigor with which they were expressed. He was truly an able minister of the word.

Of these fifteen pastors, six have been graduates of Harvard College,[1] four of the College of New Jersey, now more familiarly known as Princeton College, two of Yale College, one of Union College, Schenectady, New York, one of Amherst College, and one, the Rev. Thomas Thacher, was, as we have said, educated here under private instructors before Harvard College had come into being. Dr. Blagden received the degree of D.D. both from Union and Harvard.

[1] The Rev. George A. Gordon, the present pastor, is also a graduate of Harvard College; he was installed April 2, 1884.

Digitized by Google

ERRATA.

Page 61, line 8, *for* Judith *read* Hannah.
" 62, " 7, " Judith " Hannah.
" 118, " 26, " Chauncey " Chauncy.
" 118, " 27, " Chauncey " Chauncy.

Digitized by Google

INDEX OF NAMES.

⁂ The names of members of the Old South Church are printed in small capitals. The names of ordained ministers are given in Italics.

Adams (Checkley), Elizabeth, 27, 70, 109
Adams (Wells), Elizabeth, 71, 109
ADAMS, HANNAH, 70
Adams, Henry, 68
ADAMS, JOHN, 68
Adams, John (President), 72, 75, 92, 93, 101
ADAMS, MARY, 68
ADAMS, SAMUEL (1706), 68
ADAMS, SAMUEL (1789), 6, 9, 27, 63–110
Adams, Samuel, M.D., 70, 97, 110
Addington, Isaac, 27
Alcock, John, 15
Alden, Ebenezer, 7
Alden, Edmund K. 9
ALDEN, ELIZABETH, 31
ALDEN, ELIZABETH (Walley), 31
ALDEN, JOHN, 7–9, 21, 27–32
Alden, John, 8
Alden, John (Plymouth), 27
Alden, Priscilla, 27
Alden, Zechariah, 32
Amory, Thomas, 101
Ashurst, Sir Henry, 49

Bacon, Ezekiel, 115
BACON, JOHN, 113, 115, 122
Baker, Walter, 101
Ballantine, John, 27
Bancroft, George, 80, 85, 96, 106
Bellingham, Richard. 17, 21, 116
Bellomont, Lord, 61
Bernard, Sir Francis, 75, 81, 105, 120
BLAGDEN, GEORGE W. 113, 124, 125
BLAIR. SAMUEL, 113, 121
Blakeman, Benjamin, 26
BLAKEMAN, REBECCA, 26
Blin, Mrs. 44
Bowditch, Nathaniel I. 17
Bowdoin, James, 72, 96
Bowles, Mary, 27
Boyer, Daniel, 101
BRADSTREET, SIMON, 18, 25, 26, 61
Brickett, Nathaniel, 41
BROMFIELD, EDWARD, 60
Brown, William, 101

Chamberlain, Mellen, 101
CHAUNCY, CHARLES, 103
Chauncy, Charles, 118
Checkley, Anthony, 26
CHECKLEY, ELIZABETH, 27, 70, 109

Digitized by Google

CHECKLEY, LYDIA, 26
CHECKLEY, MARY, 26
CHECKLEY, SAMUEL, 26
Checkley, Samuel (New South Chh), 26, 68, 70, 71, 102
Checkley, Samuel (Second Chh), 26
Chiever, Ezekiel, 31
CHILTON, MARY, 27
Clark, Jonas, 92
Clarke, Thomas, 21
Clymer, George, 93
Colman, Benjamin, 101
COLMAN, LYDIA, 26
Colman, William, 26
Coney, John, 27
Cooke, Elisha, 26
Cooper, Samuel, 82, 93, 103, 104
Cooper, William, 62
Cooper, William, 84
Corey, Giles, 30, 45
Corwin, Jonathan, 28, 30
Cotton, John, 24
Cowell, Mrs. 43
CUMMING, ALEXANDER, 113, 121
CUSHING, THOMAS (1730), 70, 73
CUSHING, THOMAS (1755), 72, 74, 84

Dalrymple, William, 83
Dana, Richard, 74
Davenport, John, 21, 27, 117
DAVIS, WILLIAM, 18
DAWES, THOMAS, 71, 102
DAWES, WILLIAM (1669), 17
DAWES, WILLIAM (1769), 102
Deane, Thomas, 18
Deming, Mrs. 44
Dennis, William, 17
De Redham, Bartholomew, 16
De Scothowe, Jeffrey, 16
De Scothowe, John, 16
De Scothowe, Peter, 16
De Scothowe, Ralph, 16
De Scothowe, Richard, 16
Dexter, Samuel, 77
Drake, Samuel G. 27, 70
Duché, Jacob, 90
Dudley, Joseph, 35, 44
Dummer, Stephen, 43
Dwight, Timothy, 15

ECKLEY, JOSEPH, 102, 113, 122, 123
Edwards, Jonathan, 69
Eliot, John, 43, 114
Ellis, George E. 9, 33, 81
Ellis, Mrs. 43
Endicott, John, 19, 31, 50
Everill, Abiel, 31
EVERILL, ELIZABETH, 31
Everill, James, 18

Fenton, Colonel, 77
FIFIELD, MARY, 68
Fifield, Richard, 68
Fitch, Jabez, 26
Franklin, Benjamin, 56, 92

Gage, Thomas, 77, 98
Galloway, Joseph, 91
Gardner, Sylvester, 99
Garfield, James A. 107
Gedney, Bartholomew, 28, 29
Gerry, Elbridge, 103
GIBBS, BENJAMIN, 26
GIBBS, LYDIA, 26
GIBBS, ROBERT, 62
GOOSE, ELIZABETH, 44
Gordon, Charles George, 95
GORDON, GEORGE A. 8, 9, 125
Gore, John, 101
Gould, Thomas, 98
Gray, Harrison, 74
Green, Mrs. 44
GREENLEAF, HANNAH, 43

Hallowell, Robert, 94
Hancock, John, 72, 75, 76, 80, 84, 86, 92, 97, 98, 104
Harris, Benjamin, 25

Digitized by Google

HATCH, ELIZABETH, 44
Hathorn, John, 28, 30
Hawkins, Mrs. 43
Hawley, Joseph, 72
Henry, Patrick, 74
Henshaw, Joshua, 84
Hibbins, Ann, 18–21
Higginson, Francis, 118
Higginson, John, 118, 119
Hill, Captain, 28
HILL, HAMILTON ANDREWS, 9, 11
HILL, JAMES, 27, 30, 31
Hill, Mrs. 43
Hoar, Joanna, 14
HOAR, LEONARD, 14
Hooker, Thomas, 119
Hosmer, James K. 76, 96
Hubbard, William, 19
Hudson, William, 21
HULL, JOHN, 14, 15, 17, 18, 21, 28, 36, 41
HULL, JUDITH, 14, 41, 43
HUNT, JOHN, 113, 115, 122
HUNTINGTON, JOSHUA, 113, 123
Hutchinson, Edward, 21
Hutchinson, Eliakim, 26
Hutchinson, Thomas, 19, 76–78, 80–86, 88, 89, 94, 105

Jarvis, Charles, 103
Jefferson, Thomas, 92, 99, 105
JOHNSON, ELIZABETH, 43
JOYLIFFE, JOHN, 22

Langdon, Samuel, 69
La Tour, Claude Etienne, de, 18
Lee, Arthur, 87, 91, 103
Lee, Richard Henry, 103
Loring, Daniel, 68
Loring, James S. 72, 94
Lovell, John, 69
Lynde, Benjamin, 27
Lynde, Mary, 27

MANNING, JACOB M. 60, 72, 113, 124, 125
Mather, Cotton, 25, 38, 56
Mather, Increase, 38, 49
Messinger, Ebenezer, 101
Middleton, William, 7, 8
Molyneux, William, 84
Mullens, Priscilla, 27

Neal, Daniel, 49
Neesnumin, John, 49
North, Lord, 87
Norton, John, 18, 19, 21, 24
NORTON, MARY, 22
Norton, Samuel, 101
Noyes, Nicholas, 29

Oakes, Urian, 17, 22
OLIVER, PETER, 21, 32
Otis, James, 72, 74, 102
Owen, John, 24

PAINE, ROBERT TREAT, 102
Paine, Thomas, 99
Parker, Thomas, 35
Parsons, Theophilus, 104
PEMBERTON, EBENEZER, 113, 119, 121
PEMBERTON, SAMUEL, 84
Phillebrown, Thomas, 101
PHILLIPS, ABIGAIL, 14
PHILLIPS, ELIZABETH, 31
Phillips, Henry, 15
PHILLIPS, WILLIAM, 15, 84, 102
Phillips, William, 31
Phipps, Sir William, 61
Porter, Edward G. 9, 63
PRINCE, THOMAS, 60, 69, 113, 114, 119, 120
Prince, Thomas, 69

QUINCY, ABIGAIL, 14
Quincy, Anna, 7, 8, 14, 15
QUINCY, DANIEL, 14, 15
Quincy, Edmund, 14
Quincy, Elizabeth, 14
Quincy, Joanna, 14
Quincy, Josiah, 14, 75, 88, 103
QUINCY, JUDITH, 14

Digitized by Google

RAWSON, EDWARD, 21, 22, 32
Rawson, Grindall, 49
Revere, Paul, 90, 99
Ridgeway, James, 101
Roberts, John, 26
Rogers, John, 119
Rotch, Francis, 88, 89
Rowe, John, 76, 88

Saltonstall, Gurdon, 35
Sampson, Benjamin, 101
SAVAGE, ELIZABETH, 17, 24
SAVAGE, EPHRAIM, 14
Savage, James, 19
Savage, Mary, 14
SAVAGE, THOMAS, 21
Savage, Thomas, 17, 26
SCOLLAY, JOHN, 102
Scothowe—See De Scothowe
Scottow, Joan, 16
SCOTTOW, JOSHUA, 7–9, 16–27, 32
SCOTTOW, LYDIA, 16
SCOTTOW, MARY, 16, 26
SCOTTOW, REBECCA, 26
SCOTTOW, SARAH, 26
Scottow, Sarah, 16
Scottow, Thomas, 16, 26
Scottow, Thomas, 17
Scottow, Thomasine, 16
SERGEANT, PETER, 26
SEWALL, ELIZABETH, 14
Sewall, Elizabeth, 43, 48
SEWALL, HANNAH (1688), 14, 36, 43, 61, 62
SEWALL, HANNAH (1716), 42, 48, 52
Sewall, Jane, 41, 42
SEWALL, JOSEPH, 43, 48, 60, 62, 83, 113, 114, 119–121
Sewall, Judith, 48
Sewall, Mary, 48
SEWALL, SAMUEL (1677), 6, 14, 15, 22, 26, 27, 30, 31, 33–62, 68, 83, 119,
SEWALL, SAMUEL (1728), 48, 49
SEWALL, SAMUEL (1749), 14
Sheaffe, Sampson, 18
Shirley, William, 70
Shurtleff, Nathaniel B. 7, 18
Shute, Samuel, 62
Sibbes, Richard, 40
Sibley, John Langdon, 17
Skottowe, Britiffe C. 16
Smith, Emaus, 15
Smith, Mrs. 44
Stacy, Thomas, 101
Stearns, Samuel, 123
STEARNS, SAMUEL H. 113, 123, 124
Stephens, Henry, 17
STODDARD, CHARLES A. 124
Stoughton, William, 23, 28, 35, 46
Strong, Caleb, 103
Sullivan, James, 103

TAPPAN, JANE, 48
Tappan, Joseph, 15
Tarbox, Increase N. 9, 111
THACHER, MARY, 28
THACHER, OXENBRIDGE, 72, 74, 102
Thacher, Peter (Boston), 102
Thacher, Peter (Salisbury), 118
THACHER, THOMAS, 28, 113, 114, 118, 119, 125
Thacher, Thomas (Dedham), 77
THAYER, SUSAN, 48
TILLEY, WILLIAM, 62

Upham, Charles W. 30
Usher, Bridget, 43
USHER, HEZEKIAH, 18, 21

Walker, Samuel, 26
WALKER, SARAH, 26
WALLEY, ABIEL, 31
WALLEY, JOHN, 26
Walley, John, 31
Walley, John, 31
Walley, Thomas, 23
Warren, James, 89, 91, 93, 95, 103

Digitized by Google

Warren, Joseph, 72, 75, 84, 92, 103
Warren, Winslow, 89, 91, 93, 95, 99
Washington, George, 92, 93
Waters, Henry F. 17
Wells, Elizabeth, 71, 109
Wells, Francis, 71
Wells, Hannah, 70
Wells, Thomas, 70
Wells, William V. 76, 77, 79, 85, 93, 94
Wentworth, Philip, 69
Wharton, Philip, 19, 20
WHEELER, MARY, 43
Whitefield, George, 69
Whittier, John Greenleaf, 34, 47, 48
Willard, Elizabeth, 31
WILLARD, SAMUEL, 26, 30, 113, 119
Willard, Simon, 31
WILLIAMS, NATHANIEL, 27, 31
Wilson, John, 21, 117
WINSLOW, JOHN, 27
WINSLOW, MARY, 27
Winthrop, Deane, 41
Winthrop, John, 16, 18, 41
WINTHROP, KATHERINE, 52, 53
WINTHROP, WAIT STILL, 26
WISNER, BENJAMIN B. 113, 114, 123
Young, Thomas, 88

Digitized by Google

"BACK TO THE LIVING HATH HE TURNED HIM,
AND ALL OF DEATH HAS PASSED AWAY:
THE AGE THAT THOUGHT HIM DEAD AND MOURNED HIM,
ITSELF NOW LIVES BUT IN HIS LAY."

Digitized by Google

THE Diary of Chief Justice SAMUEL SEWALL has been published by the Massachusetts Historical Society, edited and annotated by the

Committee of Publication:

GEORGE E. ELLIS,
WILLIAM H. WHITMORE,
HENRY WARREN TORREY,
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The Diary covers the period from 1674 to 1729. The Publication is in Three Volumes, octavo, 1878—1882, price $3.00 per vol.

Copies may be purchased at the Rooms of the Society, Tremont Street, and of Messrs. Cupples, Upham & Co., The Old Corner Book Store, Washington and School Streets, Boston.

Two Volumes, being the contents of Sewall's Manuscript Letter Book, are in process of annotation for publication by the Society.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

This book should be returned to the Library on or before the last date stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred by retaining it beyond the specified time.

Please return promptly.

JUL 20 1928 39

STALL STUDY

CHARGE

Digitized by Google